

Sinister Schemes Blaze Behind The **MURDERER'S MASK**

ANC



NIGHTMARE

No. 10
TEN CENTS



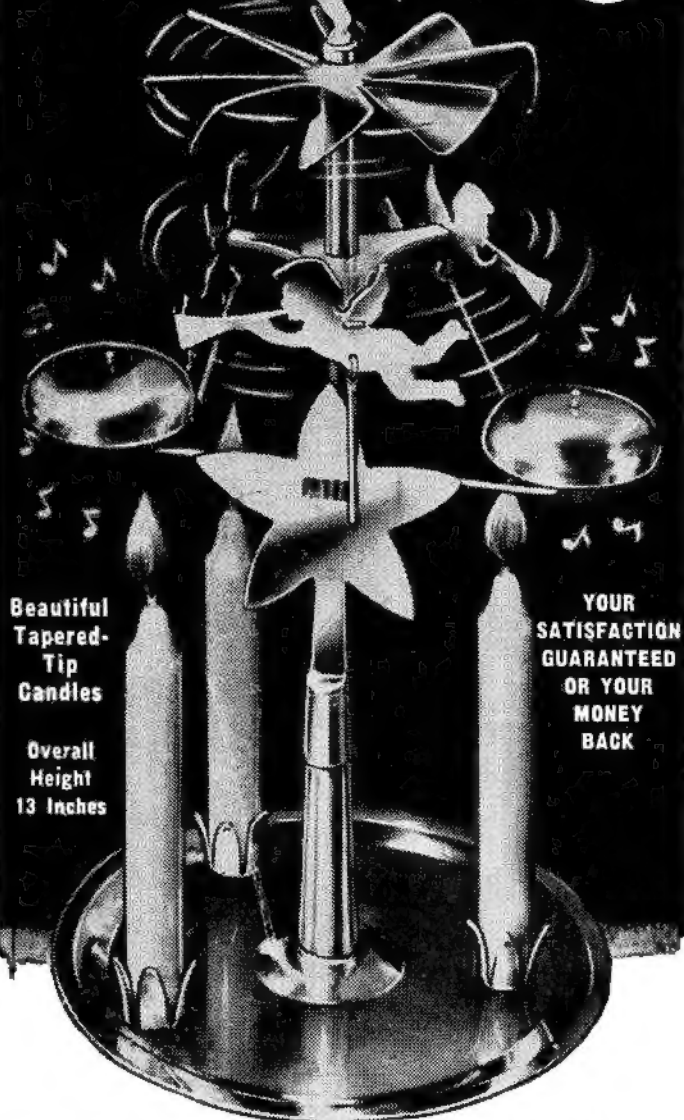
MUSICAL ANGEL-CHIMES

AUTHENTIC REPLICA OF ORIGINAL "SWEDISH SINGING ANGELS" CENTERPIECE

ANGELS WHIRL
•
BELLS RING

MAGIC-LIKE EFFECT
Heat from lighted candles makes angels revolve continuously. When wands strike bells you hear pleasant musical chimes.

10 Day Trial Offer!
LOWEST PRICE EVER
Only \$1.98
COMPLETE WITH CANDLES
Beautiful Gift Box



Beautiful Tapered-Tip Candles

Overall Height 13 Inches

YOUR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK



AS CENTERPIECE • ON MANTEL OR SHELF • ON BUFFET

• Here it is! That beautiful, whirling, chiming, table Candela-bra you've seen and admired at prices up to \$5 and \$10 in the finest shops. Now, for the first time, you can have this lovely, decorative centerpiece in your home, yours to own and enjoy, for only \$1.98 complete with 3 tapered-tip candles. All the authentic styling of famed Swedish craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this enchanting "Singing Angels" replica.

• You, your family and friends will rejoice in the charm and beauty which this decorative innovation brings to your home. Everyone who comes into your home will be fascinated by the gentle whirling action of the Herald Angels as the heat from the lighted candles cause them to revolve 'round and 'round for hours. Your cares and burdens will vanish under the soothing, relaxing influence of the church-like musical chimes as the angel wands continuously strike golden-toned bells during the revolving action. The effect is truly breathtaking. Lighted candles—revolving angels—soft chiming bells—all combine to provide unequalled beauty, peace and contentment for your home and for all who enter it.

• Made for long-life service, of all metal construction with rich, polished brass effect, achieved by special anodizing process, can't tarnish, discolor or rust. Circular tray is designed with three candle holders which adjust to width of any candles you may wish to use. Here is a beautiful, decorative addition for your table, mantel, shelf or buffet that will last and serve you for years to come, yours on this offer for only \$1.98 or two for \$3.79. Order today. Use your Musical Whirling Angel Chimes for 10 full days. We guarantee that you'll be thrilled with its heavenly beauty and action or you can return in 10 days for full refund.

SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, DEPT. 2404G
1227 LOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

Gentlemen:—Rush my order as checked below for Musical Whirling ANGEL CHIMES, complete with 3 beautiful tapered-tip candles. I will pay the postman \$1.98 for one or two for \$3.79 plus C.O.D. postage charges on your 10 day money back offer.

Check how many:

☐ 1 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$1.98 ☐ 2 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$3.79

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

☐ SAVE C.O.D. CHARGES! Enclose price of offer plus 10c for postage for one or 15c for two. We'll ship your order all postage prepaid.

Here Is the Perfect CHRISTMAS GIFT!

Mother, Dad, Children—everyone from 7 years to 70 will be thrilled and delighted to receive an ANGEL CHIMES this Xmas. Looks like an expensive gift—yet costs so little. Comes packaged in a beautiful 3 color Gift Box.

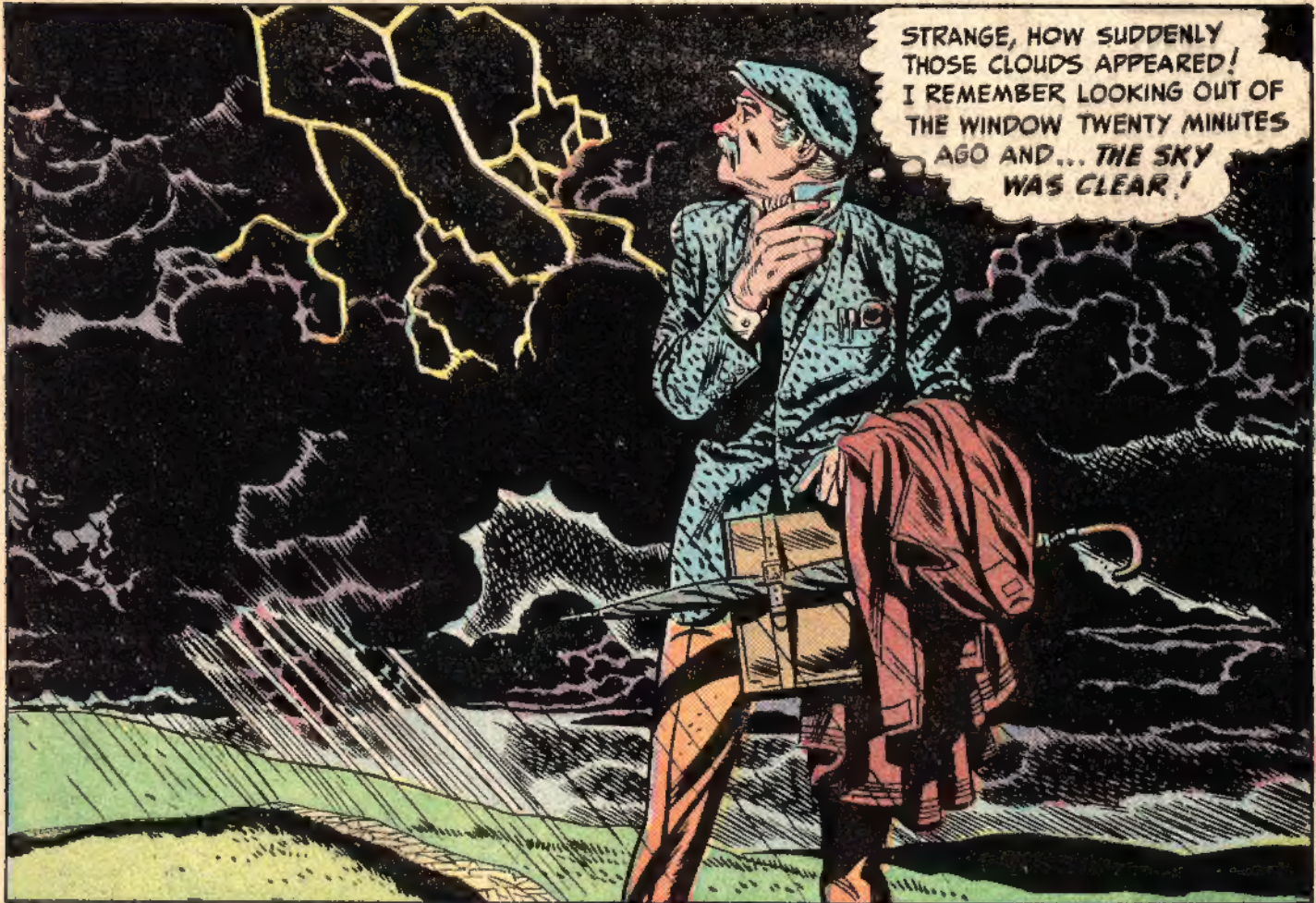
Order for Yourself! Order for Friends!

Hurry!—With labor and material costs going up every day, our low offer price may soon be withdrawn. Order now while there's still time.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

The FISHERMAN of SPACE

OUR STORY OPENS IN ROCKSBRIDGE, ENGLAND, A SMALL RURAL COMMUNITY NOT FAR FROM DOVER. SIR CYRIL BENTLEY, A LEADING BRITISH PHYSICIST, HAS BEEN WORKING LATE IN HIS LABORATORY. NOW HE IS FACED WITH THE PROBLEM OF GETTING HOME BEFORE THE THREATENING STORM-CLOUDS UNLEASH A TORRENT OF RAIN...



STRANGE, HOW SUDDENLY THOSE CLOUDS APPEARED! I REMEMBER LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW TWENTY MINUTES AGO AND... THE SKY WAS CLEAR!

SO BENTLEY TRUDGES THE HALF-MILE TOWARD HIS HOME. SUDDENLY, AN UGLY AND TERRIFYING VISAGE EMERGES FROM THE CLOUDS!



HEAVENS, WHAT'S THAT? I-NO! IT CAN'T BE! THAT NET! HELP! HELP!

SUDDENLY THE FOLDS OF THE NET ENCIRCLE BENTLEY! HE FIGHTS DESPERATELY AS HE IS LIFTED HIGH INTO SPACE, HIS SCREAMS LOST AMID THE DEAFENING FURY OF THE THUNDER.



WITHIN A FEW HOURS, INSPECTOR CLIVE HAVERSHAM OF SCOTLAND YARD AND AN ASSISTANT ARE ON THE SCENE, INVESTIGATING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE RENOWNED SCIENTIST...



...HIS HOUSEKEEPER SAYS HE PHONED HER FROM THE LABORATORY AT 2 A.M., AND SAID HE'D BE HOME SHORTLY!

WELL, FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, HE NEVER GOT PAST THIS POINT!

PERKINS, HAVE YOU NOTICED A STRANGE SMELL IN THE AIR? IT'S OZONE - "BURNT" AIR! ORDINARY OXYGEN SMELLS LIKE THAT WHEN AN ELECTRIC SPARK PASSES THROUGH IT!

THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE, SIR! THERE WAS AN ELECTRIC STORM IN THIS AREA LAST NIGHT!

YES, BUT THE ODOR IS **TOO STRONG** FOR MERELY **ONE** LIGHTNING BOLT! AND IT'S LASTED TOO LONG!

BY GEORGE, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, SIR! AND THE ODOR IS ONLY IN THIS **ONE SPOT!**



YES...COME ON, PERKINS, WE'RE GOING BACK TO LONDON! THERE'S NO LONGER ANY NEED FOR US TO BE DETAINED HERE... AND THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO CHECK IN MY HOME LIBRARY!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

I WAS **RIGHT!** I KNEW I REMEMBERED READING ABOUT THIS BEFORE! BUT I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU - THE VERY THOUGHT OF IT IS... **FRIGHTENING!**



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR?!

HERE IS AN ACCOUNT FROM ANCIENT GREEK WRITINGS - ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE **DISAPPEARING INTO THIN AIR!** THE GREEKS THOUGHT THAT THE GOD **ZEUS** CAME DOWN TO EARTH TO TAKE SOME FAMOUS MORTAL UP TO **MOUNT OLYMPUS!** AND THESE MEN **ALL DISAPPEARED DURING STORMS!**



HERE'S ANOTHER ACCOUNT FROM THE MIDDLE AGES! SAME SITUATION - BUT **HERE** THE PEOPLE BELIEVED IT WAS THE **DEVIL** WHO SNATCHED UP THE FAMOUS MEN - BECAUSE OF THE SMELL OF "**FIRE AND BRIMESTONE**" THAT ALWAYS CLUNG TO THE AREA AFTERWARD. **PERKINS - IT ALL ADDS UP!**



I'M AFRAID I DON'T SEE WHAT ALL THIS HAS TO DO WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SIR CYRIL -

PERKINS, THERE ARE **WEIRD** AND **POWERFUL** FORCES AT WORK IN THIS WORLD, AND A MAN IS A FOOL TO EITHER DENY OR IGNORE THEM. I TELL YOU **THIS** WAS **NOT** AN ORDINARY KIDNAPPING!

DON'T YOU SEE? A SUDDEN STORM - A FAMOUS MAN VANISHES INTO SPACE!! ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE STRONG, UNNATURAL ODOR OF **OZONE!** THE PATTERN'S COMPLETE! IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE - AND NEITHER THE MEN OR THEIR **BODIES** WERE **EVER SEEN** AGAIN!

WELL, I MUST MOVE ON! I'VE A REPORT TO FILE AT THE YARD! I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR OR SO, PERKINS! STAY HERE - WE'LL DISCUSS THE CASE FURTHER WHEN I RETURN!

RIGHTO, INSPECTOR!

A HALF HOUR LATER AS INSPECTOR HAVERSHAM CROSSES WATERLOO BRIDGE...

DRA! THE LUCK! IT'S GETTING SO DARK - LOOKS LIKE A BAD STORM IS BREWING!

EXCUSE ME, SIR! I SEEM TO HAVE LOST MY BEARINGS! COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE MAYFLOWER HOTEL?

CERTAINLY! I SAY - I RECOGNIZE **YOU!** YOU'RE JACK BARLOW, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN JAVELIN THROWER, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE -- **LOOK!!**

SUDDENLY, A TERRIBLE SHAPE EMERGES FROM THE CLOUDS - AND THE NET IS CAST ONCE MORE...

WHA-?! NO! HELP! HELP!!

GREAT SCOTT!!

ALL RIGHT, "FISHERMAN"! LIFT AWAY! I'LL WAGER YOU NEVER PICKED UP A **HITCH-HIKER** BEFORE!

HANGING GRIMLY TO THE NET, HAVERSHAM IS HOISTED UP UP... INTO THE SWIRLING MIST! THEN HE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS...



WHEN HE REVIVES, HE IS LYING ON A CORAL SURFACE - NEAR THE AMERICAN ATHLETE...



HELLO, THERE! I THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT YOU WERE DEAD! WE TOOK A PRETTY BAD FALL WHEN THAT... *THING*... SHOOK US OUT OF THE NET!

WELL, IF THIS IS OLYMPUS, THEN I'M A SADLY DISILLUSIONED MAN!

OLYMPUS? HARDLY. IT SEEMS TO BE MORE OF A TROPICAL ISLAND - BUT A *STRANGE* ONE. LOOK AT THOSE BLACK CLOUDS SURROUNDING US ON ALL SIDES!



THERE SEEMS TO BE SMOKE COMING FROM OVER THERE! PERHAPS WE'LL FIND OTHERS - IN FACT I'M *SURE* OF IT!



WELL, I'M NOT SURE OF ANYTHING - EXCEPT THAT THIS IS ALL A *DREAM* AND I'LL WAKE UP ANY MINUTE IN MY OWN BED!

I WISH IT WERE AS SIMPLE AS THAT - BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT! OH, HERE WE ARE! JUST AS I THOUGHT - THERE ARE *OTHERS*! COME ON, LET'S GO DOWN AND MEET THEM - WHOEVER THEY ARE!



WELL, THERE THEY ARE! *FANTASTIC*, ISN'T IT?

NO, THIS CAN'T BE A *DREAM* - IT'S TOO HORRIBLY *REAL*!

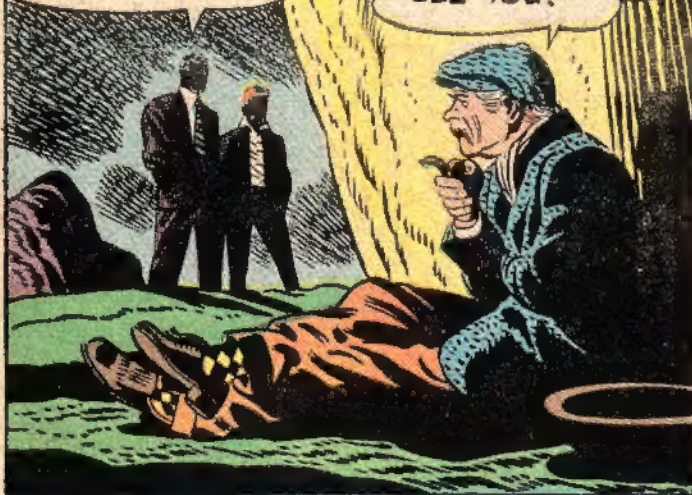


WELCOME - LATEST VICTIMS! WELCOME TO THE *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*!



I BEG YOUR PARDON - BUT YOU'RE SIR CYRIL BENTLEY, AREN'T YOU? I *KNEW* I'D FIND YOU HERE!

WELL, HOW DO YOU DO, SIR! YOU'RE AN ENGLISHMAN, OBVIOUSLY, AND FROM MY OWN PERIOD. HAPPY TO SEE YOU!



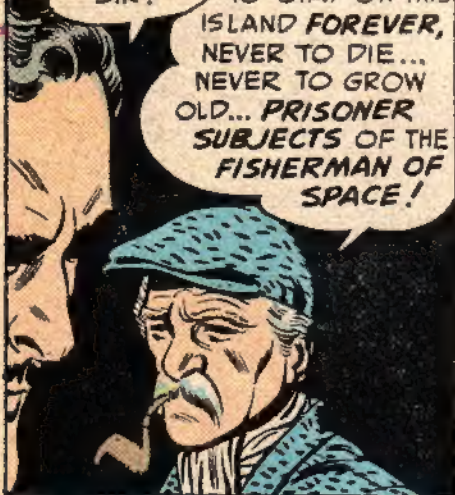
AS A MATTER OF FACT I'M FROM SCOTLAND YARD! I WAS INVESTIGATING *YOUR* DISAPPEARANCE WHEN I RAN INTO... THE *FISHERMAN*. SO HERE I AM.

SO IT'S TRUE THAT SCOTLAND YARD ALWAYS *DOES* FIND ITS MAN! BUT IT SEEMS YOU'VE GONE TO EXTREMES, EH?



YOU SEEM TO BE TAKING THIS... "ADVENTURE" CALMLY, IF I MAY SAY SO, SIR!

MY DEAR FELLOW, WHAT *ELSE* IS THERE TO *DO*? WE ARE TO STAY ON THIS ISLAND *FOREVER*, NEVER TO DIE... NEVER TO GROW OLD... *PRISONER SUBJECTS OF THE FISHERMAN OF SPACE!*



YOU SEE, THE *FISHERMAN* IS A FREAK OF NATURE, A CREATURE OF THE SWIRLING GASSES OF *SPACE*. HE WAS CREATED ACCIDENTALLY DURING PRE-HISTORIC TIMES. THIS ISLAND, TOO, IS AN UNNATURAL ONE, SURROUNDED BY A CONTINUOUS STORM CENTER THAT SOMEHOW CREATED AN *IMMORTAL ZONE*. *NOTHING HERE NEVER DIES!*



THE OTHERS TELL ME THE MONSTER IS VERY SENSITIVE ABOUT HIS APPEARANCE! BECOMING BORED WITH HIS MISERABLE IMMORTALITY, HE LONG AGO STARTED SNATCHING THE LEADING BRAINS AND BRAWN OF EACH PERIOD OF HISTORY TO SERVE AS HIS SUBJECTS ON THIS DEATHLESS ISLE!



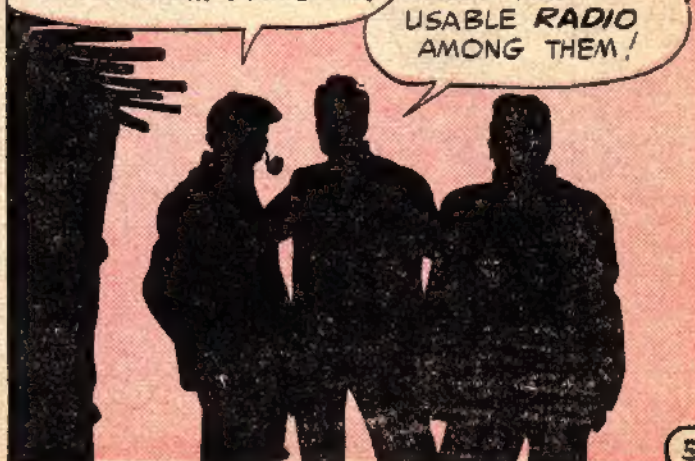
AND THERE IS NO POSSIBLE WAY TO GET OFF THE ISLAND?

NONE. BELIEVE ME, I HAVE LOOKED. THE SWIRLING STORM THAT CONSTANTLY SURROUNDS THE ISLAND CREATES A SUCTION. NO BOAT COULD GET THROUGH. IN FACT MANY BOATS FROM OUTSIDE HAVE BEEN SUCKED IN AND DASHED TO BITS AGAINST THE REEF!



THE *FISHERMAN* LIVES IN THE CENTER OF THE VOLCANO, IN THE HOT GASSES OF THE CRATER. HE ONLY EMERGES TO GET OTHER... "SUBJECTS."

HOLD ON! I'VE GOT AN IDEA, SIR CYRIL! YOU MENTIONED SMASHED SHIPS. PERHAPS WE COULD FIND A USABLE *RADIO* AMONG THEM!



NO! I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, BUT WE COULD NEVER GET A RADIO SIGNAL **THROUGH** THOSE **CLOUDS** AROUND THE ISLAND. TOO MUCH STATIC ELECTRICITY!

PERHAPS - BUT WE COULD SEND SIGNALS **OVER** THEM - IF WE RAN AN **AERIAL** UP THE SIDE OF THAT VOLCANO! COME ON!

A SMASHED PT BOAT SUPPLIES THEM WITH THE RADIO EQUIPMENT THEY NEED. THEN...

NOW TO FIND THAT **AMERICAN!** A **JAVELIN-THROWER** IS JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

LATER...

GOOD THROW! THAT DID IT! THE SPAR IS STUCK IN THE VOLCANIC ASH. THIS AERIAL MIGHT DO THE TRICK AT THAT! **TRY IT!**

RIGHT! HERE GOES!

SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES AWAY, A SMALL ISLAND IS BEING READIED FOR ATOMIC BOMB TESTS. SUDDENLY A RADIOMAN INTERRUPTS THE PLANNING...

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WE'VE PICKED UP A WEAK SIGNAL! A DISTRESS SIGNAL ... AND A **QUEER** ONE, SIR!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE TERRIBLE STORY OF THE SECRET ISLAND OF LOST SOULS IS OUT...

GENTLEMEN, THIS IS NO HOAX! I KNOW SIR CYRIL BENTLEY PERSONALLY - AND THAT IS DEFINITELY HIM. I KNOW IT SOUNDS FANTASTIC, BUT I'M CONVINCED THAT THIS **FISHERMAN OF SPACE DOES EXIST** AND MUST BE DESTROYED!

YOU MEAN WITH THE ATOMIC BOMBS?

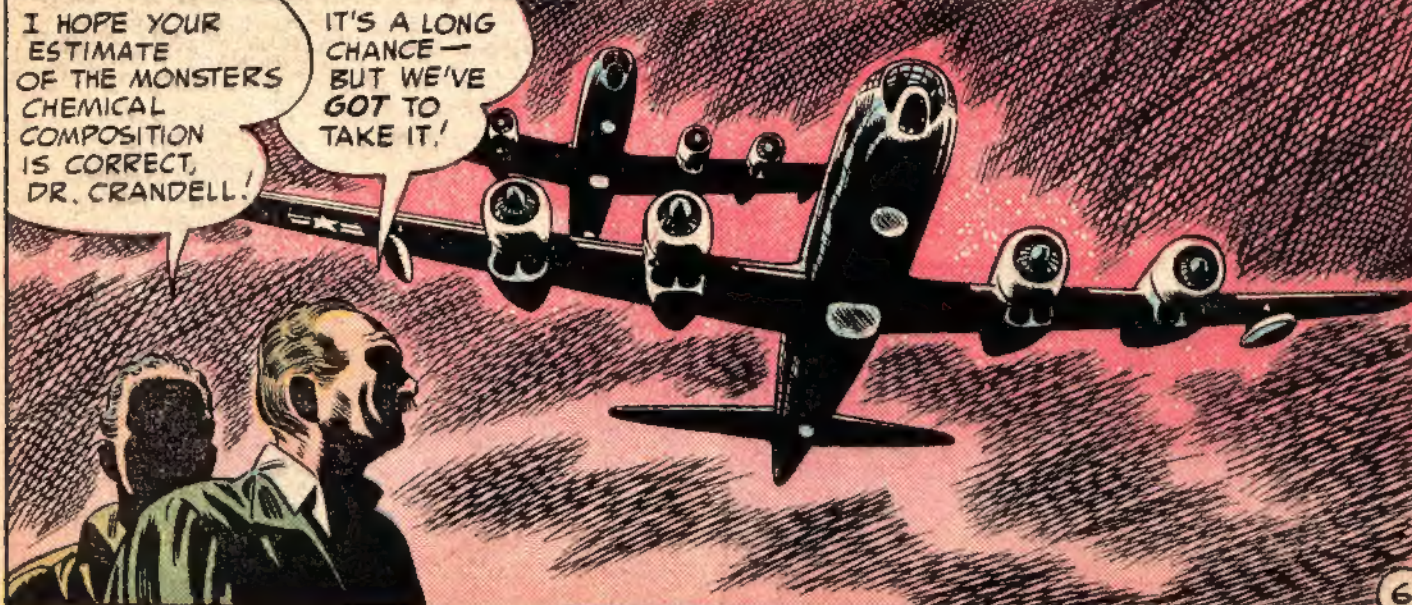
NO, THAT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE! REMEMBER OUR PEOPLE ARE ALL PRISONERS ON THAT ISLAND. THERE IS **ANOTHER** WAY, THOUGH. HAVE TWO BOMBERS READIED IMMEDIATELY. AND FILL THE BOMB BAYS WITH **SODIUM IODIDE...** AND **DRY ICE...**

YES, SIR!

IN A FEW MOMENTS THE BOMBERS LIFT GRACEFULLY FROM THE RUNWAY...

I HOPE YOUR ESTIMATE OF THE MONSTERS CHEMICAL COMPOSITION IS CORRECT, DR. CRANDELL!

IT'S A LONG CHANCE - BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!



IT WAS A FANTASTIC STROKE OF LUCK TO REACH MY COLLEAGUE, DR. CRANDELL. HE HAS A BOLD PLAN—BUT IT MIGHT WORK AT THAT!

IF IT DOESN'T THE FISHERMAN WILL BE **FURIOUS!** THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THE MONSTER MAY DO!

AND IN A FEW MINUTES...

PILOT TO BOMBARDIER!
OKAY, GERRY! THERE'S YOUR TARGET! DROP THAT DRY ICE!

BUT THE FISHERMAN OF SPACE HAS HEARD THE PLANES, AND FURIOUS, SWIRLS UPWARD TO CATCH THEM IN HIS NET...

SUDDENLY, HE RUNS INTO THE SWIRL OF SNOW-LIKE CHEMICALS, FROM THE PLANES ABOVE HIM!

MY GOSH! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S REACTING TO THAT DRY-ICE JUST LIKE AN ORDINARY MOISTURE-FILLED CUMULUS CLOUD! HE'S STARTING TO DISSOLVE IN RAIN!

THIS IS FANTASTIC! NOW EVEN THE SURROUNDING CLOUDS HAVE CAUGHT THE CONDENSATION! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

SIMPLE! THIS IS **SCIENTIFIC RAIN**, PRODUCED ON A HIGH LEVEL! THE DRY ICE COOLS THE CLOUDS SUDDENLY... THE MOISTURE CONDESES... AND IT RAINS! THE FISHERMAN IS MADE OF CLOUDS! HE'S RAINING HIMSELF TO DESTRUCTION!

IN A FEW MINUTES—IT IS ALL OVER! THE STORMS THAT SURROUNDED THE ISLAND, TOGETHER WITH THE FISHERMAN OF SPACE ARE ALL GONE...

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MEN OF THE OTHER AGES?

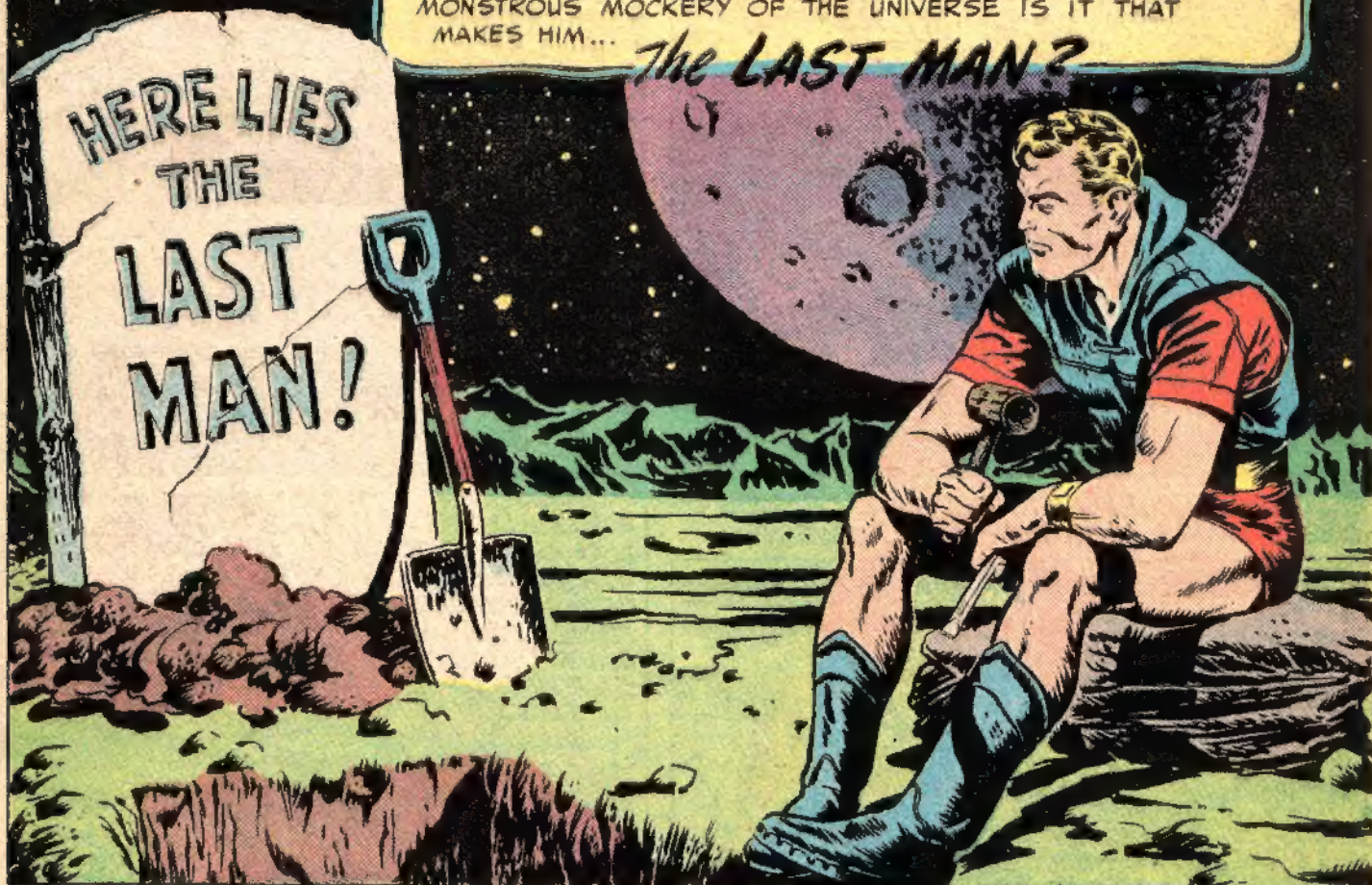
WHEN THE STORM CLOUDS DISAPPEARED, THE ISLAND RETURNED TO NORMAL. THOSE WHO LIVED ON "BORROWED TIME" HAVE GONE TO DUST...AND TO THEIR FINAL PEACE. IT TOOK A TRICK OF MODERN SCIENCE TO FINISH THE FISHERMAN OF SPACE. OH, HERE COMES OUR RESCUE PARTY!

The End

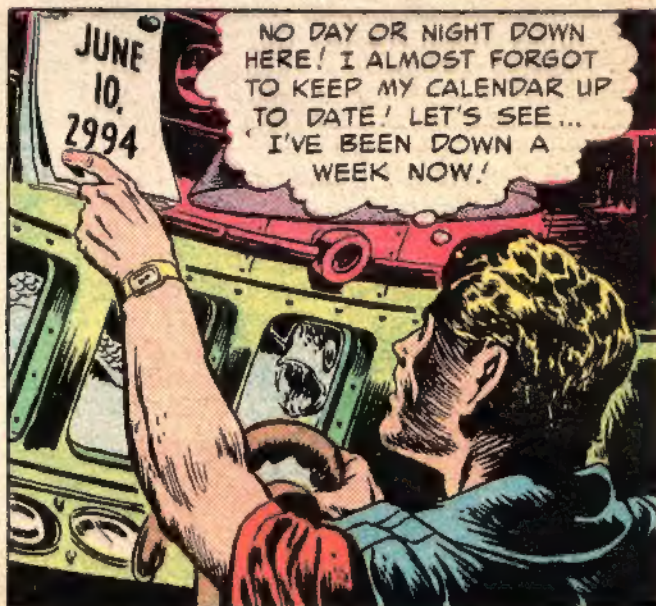
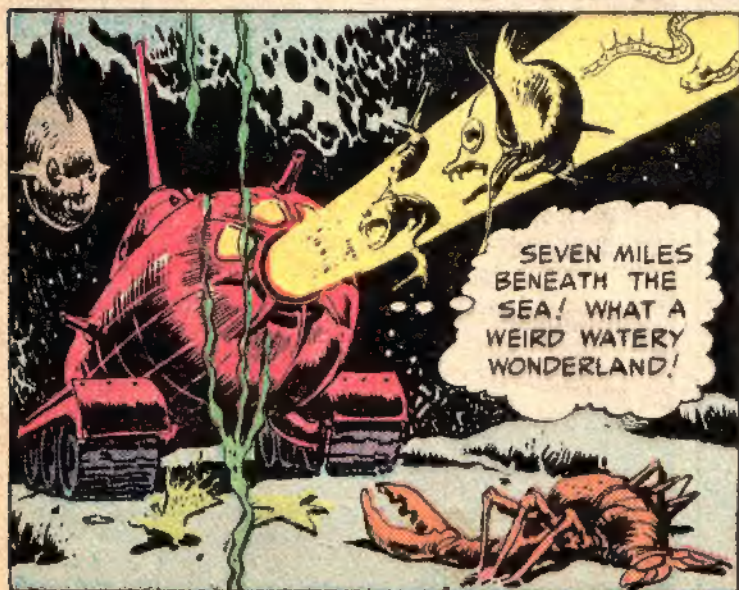
The LAST MAN

AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS OF INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL, THE HUMAN RACE SPREADS THROUGHOUT THE PLANETS AND STARS, COLONIZING AND INHABITING ALL THE WORLDS OF THE ENTIRE MILKY WAY GALAXY! BUT WHAT MENACE FROM OUTER SPACE SUDDENLY STRIKES THIS FARFLUNG EMPIRE OF EARTH? WHY DOES ONLY ACHING SILENCE GREET DAN VICKERSON? AND WHAT MONSTROUS MOCKERY OF THE UNIVERSE IS IT THAT MAKES HIM...

The LAST MAN?



IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN, A STRANGE MECHANICAL MONSTER CHUGS ITS WAY THROUGH THE FANTASTIC REACHES OF THE SEA BOTTOM!



THE PILOT OF THIS ODD MACHINE IS DAN VICKERSON, MARINE EXPLORER

SUDDENLY..!

A SEA-SERPENT!

CRUNCH!



THAT CRITTER HAS THE POWER TO CRUSH A BATTLESHIP LIKE AN EGG-SHELL! HOPE THIS ELECTRO BOLT CAN HANDLE HIM!



CRUNCH!

WHEWWW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

HELLO, SURFACE CONTACT? DAN VICKERSON REPORTING! HELLO! HELLO!... NO ANSWER! THAT'S QUEER! CAN'T RAISE THEM AT ALL! WHAT'S WRONG UP THERE?



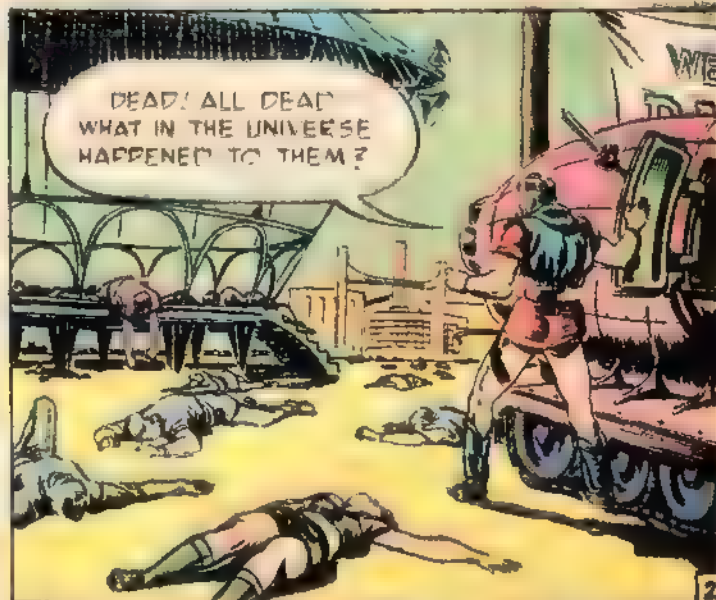
THE UNDERSEA EXPLORER TAKES SUCH HAZARDS IN HIS STRIDE. SOON AFTER, HOWEVER, HE BECOMES AWARE OF THE FIRST OMINOUS INKING OF A GRIM MYSTERY!

WELCOME BACK!
DAN VICKERSON
COLUMBUS OF THE
SEA FLOOR!

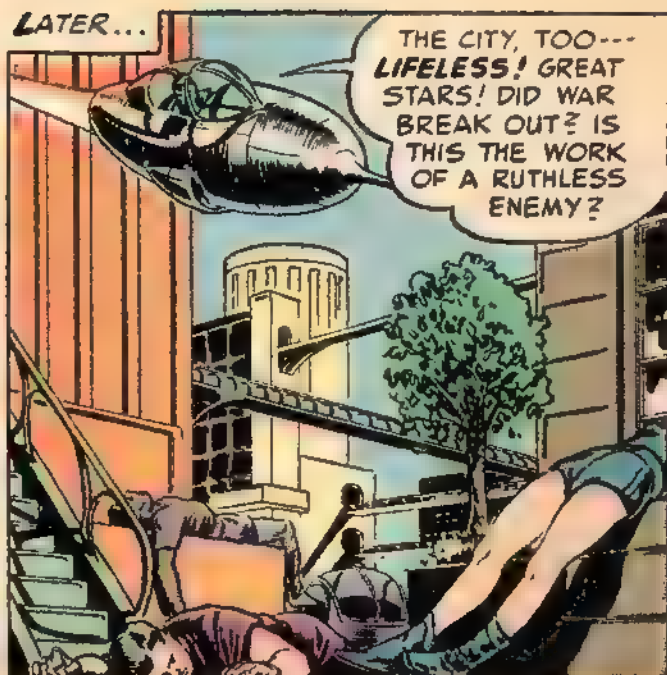
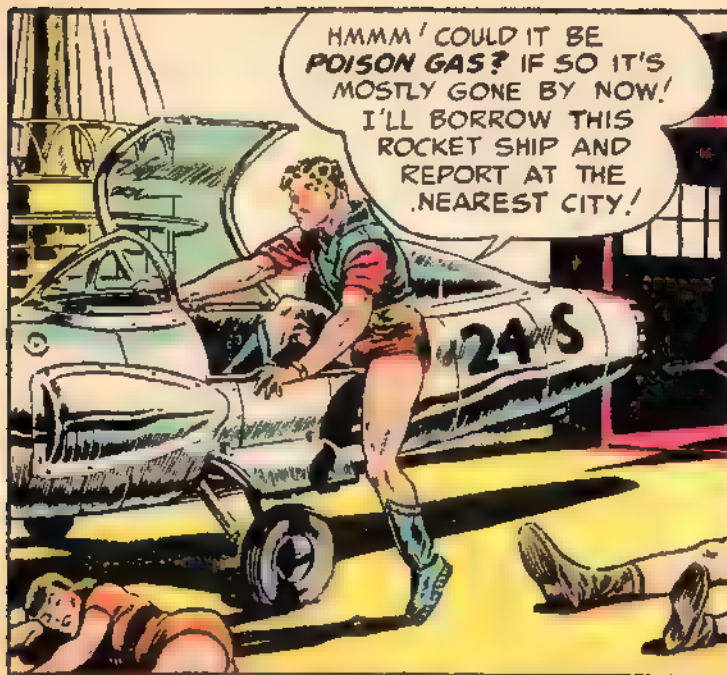
I BROKE ALL
UNDERSEA
RECORDS! LOOKS
LIKE A BIG
RECEPTION READY
FOR ME! WHAT
AN HONOR!



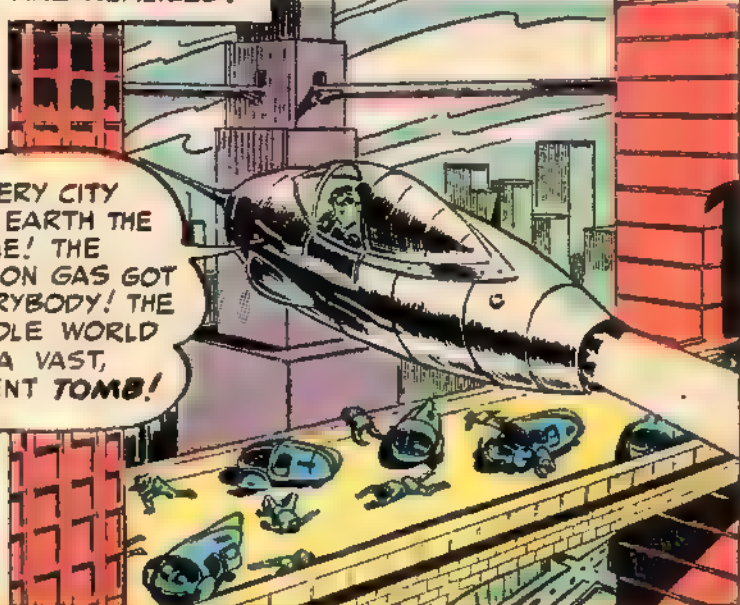
DEAD! ALL DEAD!
WHAT IN THE UNIVERSE
HAPPENED TO THEM?



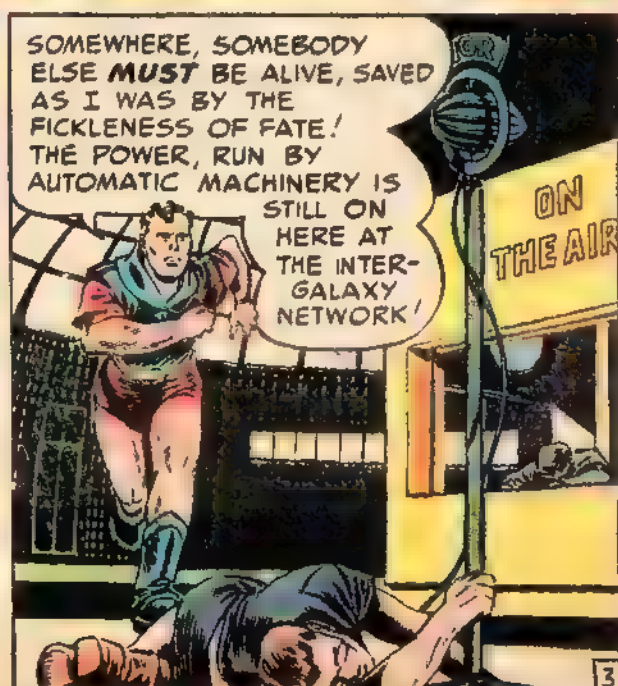
YES, A RECEPTION AWAITS THE MARINE COLUMBUS—A VERY STRANGE RECEPTION!



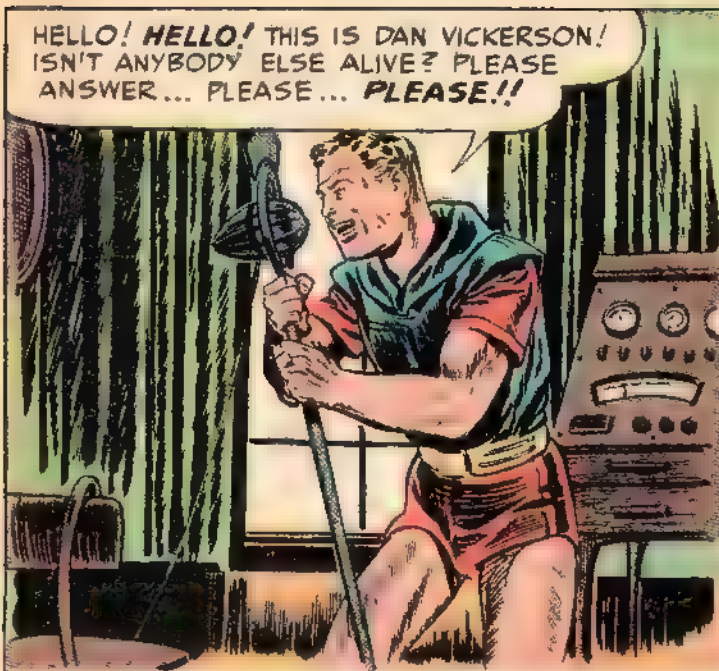
SPEEDING AROUND EARTH, DAN'S WORST FEARS ARE REALIZED!



AFTER LANDING, DAN'S MIND STAGGERS AS HE REALIZES IT WAS MORE THAN A MERE WAR...



HELLO! **HELLO!** THIS IS DAN VICKERSON!
ISN'T ANYBODY ELSE ALIVE? PLEASE
ANSWER... PLEASE... **PLEASE!!**



AN ETERNITY OF SILENCE PASSES. THEN THE
FINAL FEARFUL TRUTH BLASTS OVER HIM!



HELLO! DAN VICKERSON?
I PICKED UP YOUR
CALL! HELLO!
HELLO!

A VOICE!
SOMEONE'S
TRYING TO
CONTACT ME!



DAN VICKERSON CALLING!
THANK HEAVEN ANOTHER
HUMAN IS ALIVE! WHERE
ARE YOU?

I'M IN THE
TERRAN CITY
MUSEUM. MY
NAME IS BETTY
WRISTON. YOU MUST
COME HERE
IMMEDIATELY!
PLEASE!



MINUTES LATER DAN VICKERSON'S ROCKET
SHIP IS ZOOMING WESTWARD...

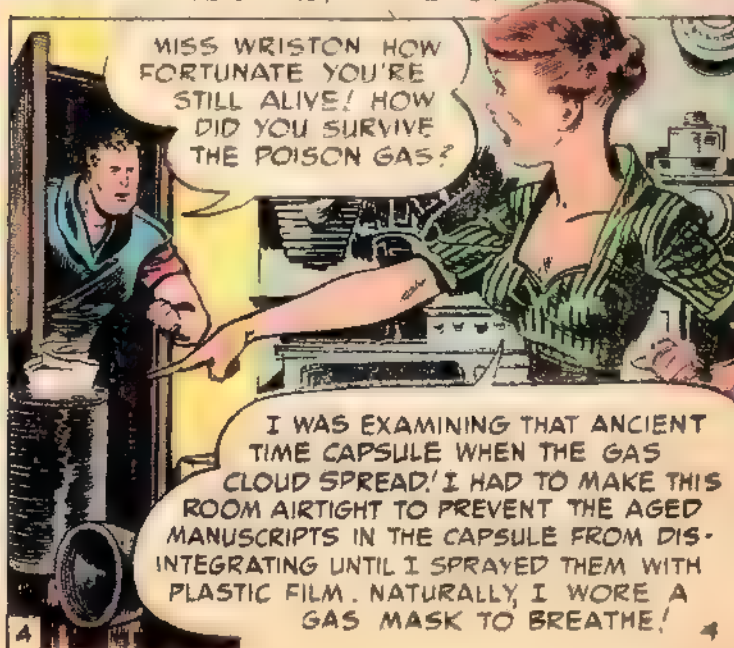
TERRAN CITY SHOULD
BE SOMEWHERE IN THIS
VICINITY! AH! THERE
IT IS! I'LL BE AT THE
MUSEUM IN TEN
MINUTES!

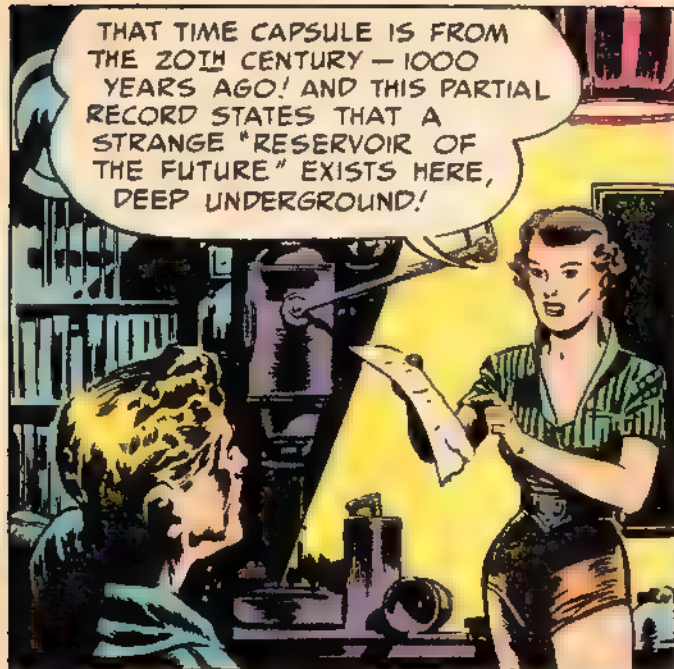


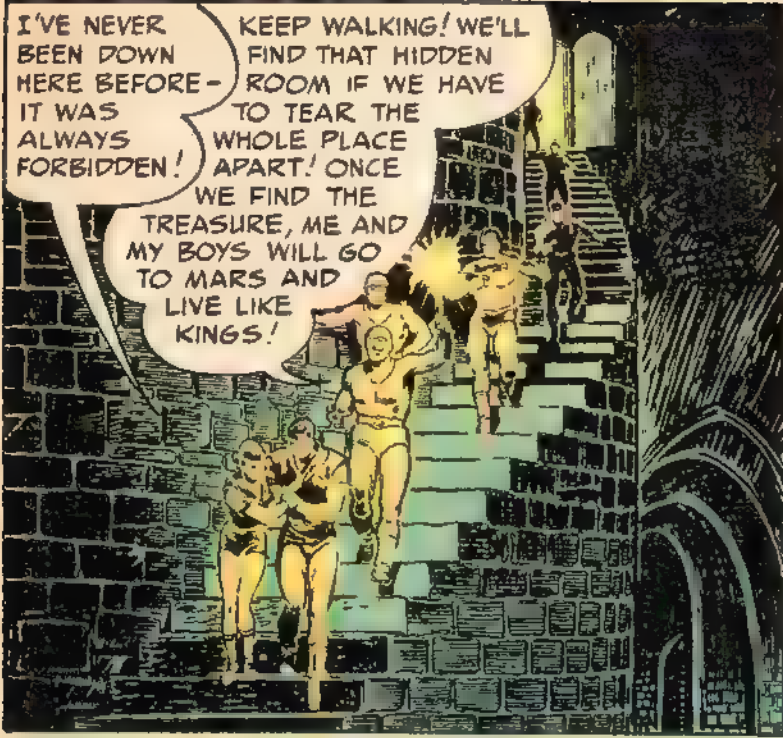
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE TERRAN CITY MUSEUM.

MISS WRISTON HOW
FORTUNATE YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE! HOW
DID YOU SURVIVE
THE POISON GAS?

I WAS EXAMINING THAT ANCIENT
TIME CAPSULE WHEN THE GAS
CLOUD SPREAD! I HAD TO MAKE THIS
ROOM AIRTIGHT TO PREVENT THE AGED
MANUSCRIPTS IN THE CAPSULE FROM DIS-
INTEGRATING UNTIL I SPRAYED THEM WITH
PLASTIC FILM. NATURALLY, I WORE A
GAS MASK TO BREATHE!







I'VE NEVER BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE - IT WAS ALWAYS FORBIDDEN!

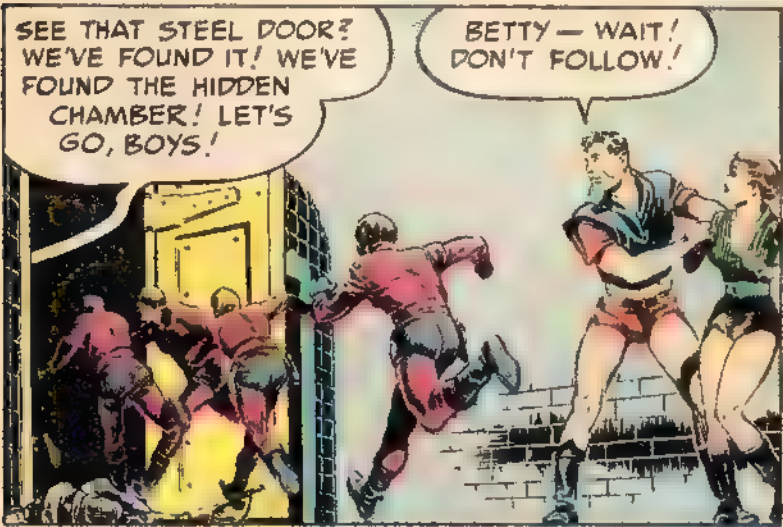
KEEP WALKING! WE'LL FIND THAT HIDDEN ROOM IF WE HAVE TO TEAR THE WHOLE PLACE APART! ONCE WE FIND THE TREASURE, ME AND MY BOYS WILL GO TO MARS AND LIVE LIKE KINGS!

BETTY AND DAN ARE FORCED TO LEAD THE WAY DOWN INTO THE VAST SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBERS BENEATH THE MUSEUM...



LOOK! A FENCE AND A SENTRY BOX!

BY THE PLANETS-- THAT MUST BE IT! THE SECRET ROOM SHOULD LIE JUST BEYOND!



SEE THAT STEEL DOOR? WE'VE FOUND IT! WE'VE FOUND THE HIDDEN CHAMBER! LET'S GO, BOYS!

BETTY - WAIT! DON'T FOLLOW!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE! THEY'RE SO EXCITED, THEY'VE FORGOTTEN US COMPLETELY!



BEYOND THIS DOOR WE'LL FIND THE SECRET THAT HAS BEEN GUARDED SO CAREFULLY FOR CENTURIES!

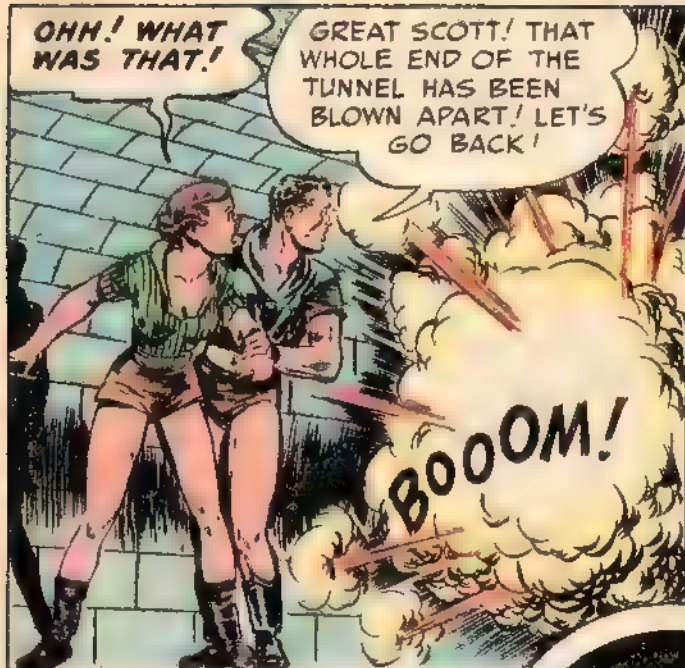
STOP STALLIN', BOSS! TURN THE HANDLE AND LET'S GO IN!

SUDDENLY - AS THE GANGSTER LEADER OPENS THE DOOR!



BAROOM!

AAAAAGH!



OH! WHAT WAS THAT!

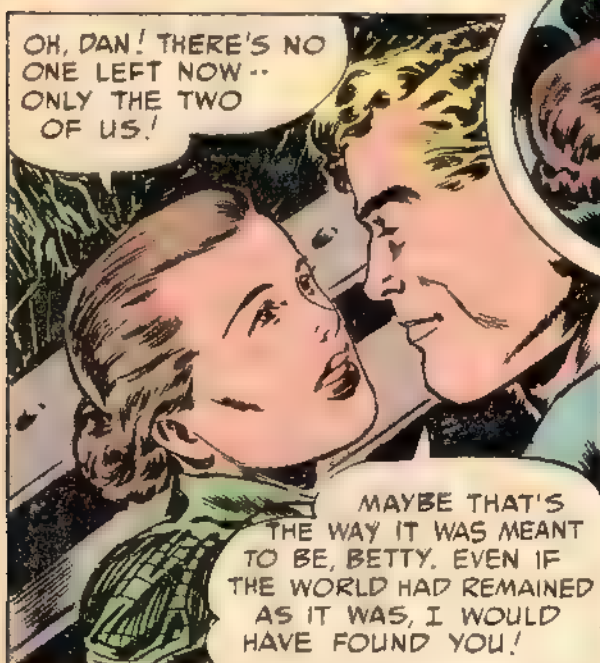
GREAT SCOTT! THAT WHOLE END OF THE TUNNEL HAS BEEN BLOWN APART! LET'S GO BACK!

BOOOM!



OH! HOW HORRIBLE!

THE DOOR MUST HAVE BEEN BOOBY-TRAPPED! SHEP RANKIN AND HIS MEN WERE DESTROYED BY THEIR OWN GREED-- BY THE VERY TREASURE THEY SOUGHT SO DESPERATELY!

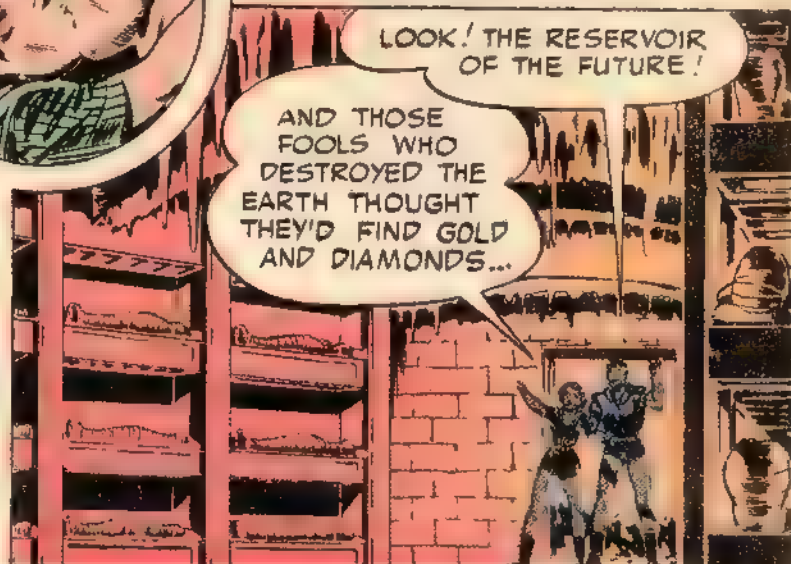


OH, DAN! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT NOW-- ONLY THE TWO OF US!

MAYBE THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS MEANT TO BE, BETTY. EVEN IF THE WORLD HAD REMAINED AS IT WAS, I WOULD HAVE FOUND YOU!

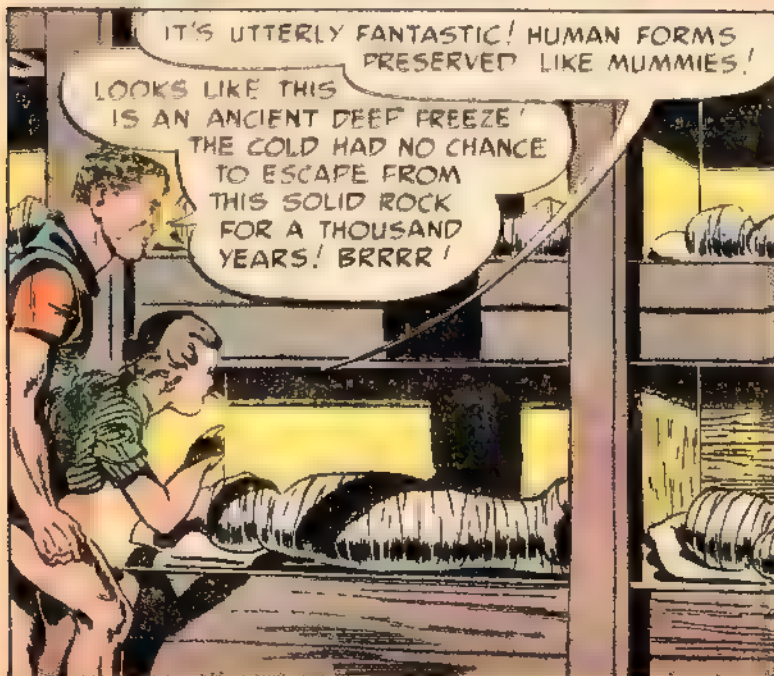


AS DAN AND BETTY ENTER THE HIDDEN CHAMBER A FANTASTIC SIGHT GREET'S THEIR WONDERING EYES...



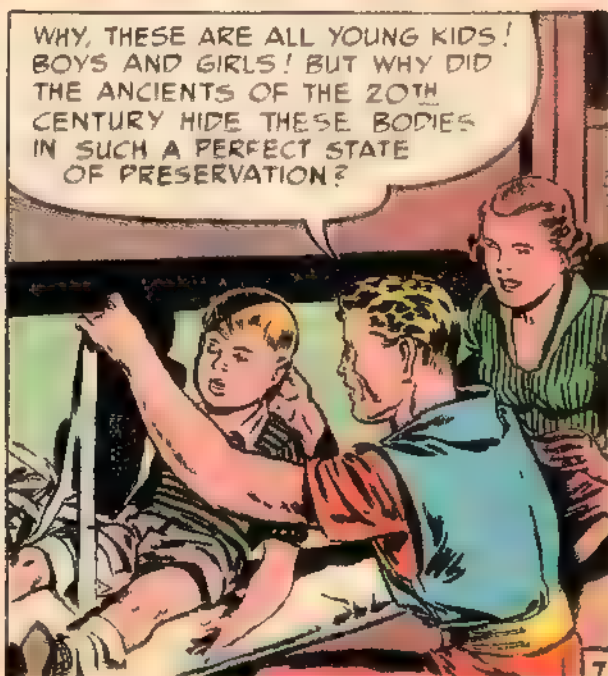
LOOK! THE RESERVOIR OF THE FUTURE!

AND THOSE FOOLS WHO DESTROYED THE EARTH THOUGHT THEY'D FIND GOLD AND DIAMONDS...



IT'S UTTERLY FANTASTIC! HUMAN FORMS PRESERVED LIKE MUMMIES!

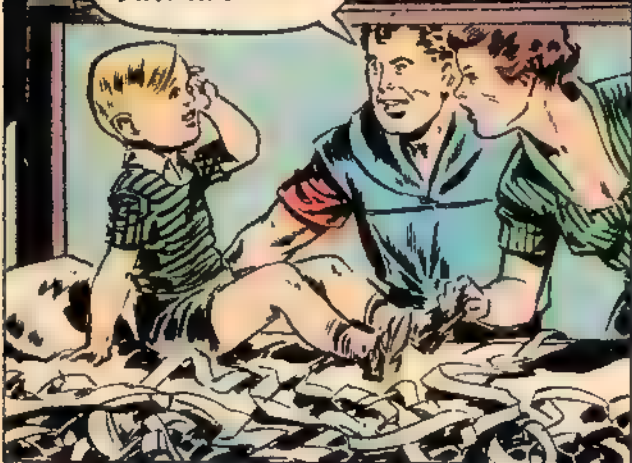
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS AN ANCIENT DEEP FREEZE! THE COLD HAD NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE FROM THIS SOLID ROCK FOR A THOUSAND YEARS! BRRRR!



WHY, THESE ARE ALL YOUNG KIDS! BOYS AND GIRLS! BUT WHY DID THE ANCIENTS OF THE 20TH CENTURY HIDE THESE BODIES IN SUCH A PERFECT STATE OF PRESERVATION?

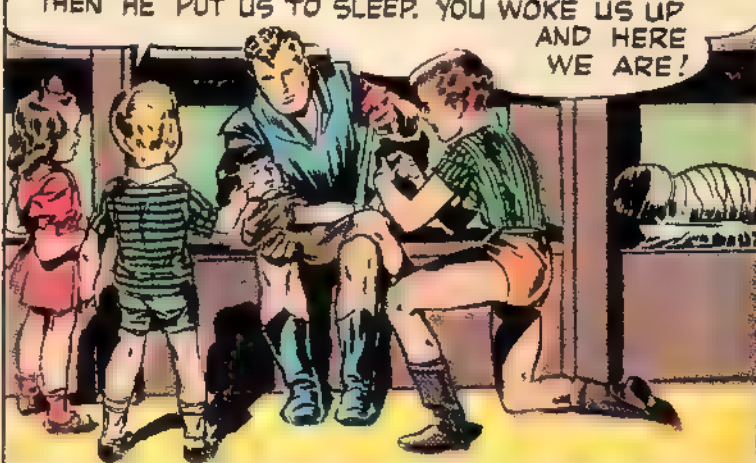
DAN GETS A STARTLING ANSWER!

UH... HELLO! I'M JOHNNY!
GREAT PLANETS! HE'S ALIVE! THEN THEY'RE ALL IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION!



WITH THE BOY'S HELP, DAN AND BETTY HASTILY REVIVE THE OTHERS AND HEAR THEIR AMAZING STORY...

... OH, THOSE WARS WERE TERRIBLE! BUILDINGS FALLING, PEOPLE GETTING KILLED. I WAS SO AFRAID. BUT THEN A NICE OLD MAN TOOK ME TO A DARK PLACE. THESE OTHER KIDS WERE THERE! THEN HE PUT US TO SLEEP. YOU WOKE US UP AND HERE WE ARE!



WHAT A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL TWIST OF FATE! THE ATOMIC WARS DID NOT END MANKIND AS THE SCIENTISTS FEARED, AND THE KIDS WERE FORGOTTEN HERE! BUT NOW THEY WILL SAVE THE HUMAN RACE FROM EXTINCTION AFTER ALL. LITTLE DID THAT SAGE KNOW HOW IMPORTANT HIS WORK WAS!



THE WORLD IS OURS! AND SOMEDAY THESE CHILDREN WILL GROW UP AND RULE THE ENTIRE WORLD!

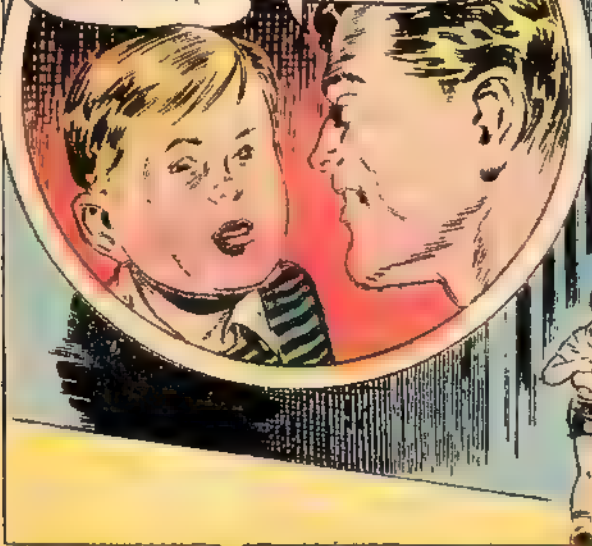
GEE! YOU MEAN EVERYBODY ELSE IS D-DEAD?

YES, JOHNNY! BUT DON'T YOU WORRY! FORTUNATELY DAN AND I ARE HERE AND WE'LL SEE THAT YOU CHILDREN ARE WELL TAKEN CARE OF!

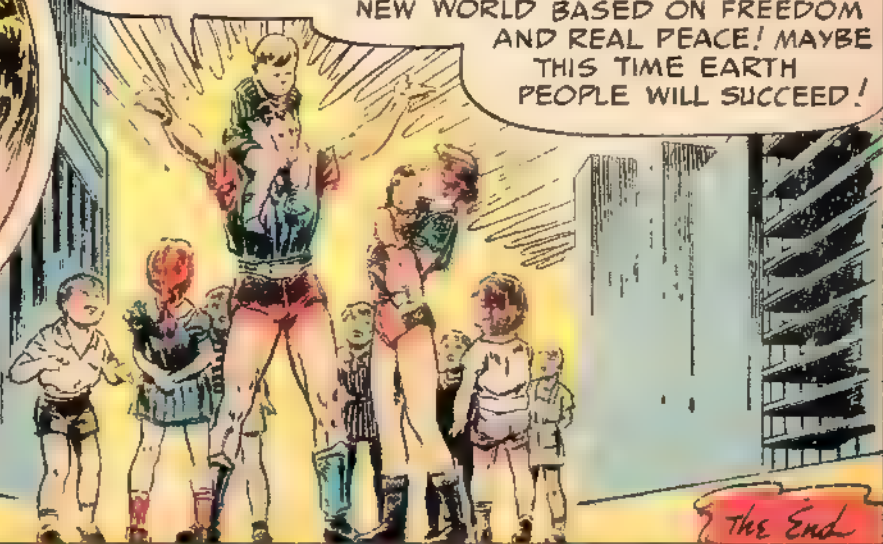


THE BAND OF YOUNGSTERS MARCH FORTH - THE NEW HOPE OF THE HUMAN RACE!

YES, THE WORLD WAS DESTROYED BY GREED, JOHNNY. MAN, WITH HIS OVER-POWERING AMBITION, ALMOST SUCCEEDED IN DESTROYING HIMSELF!



BUT THIS IS A NEW BEGINNING FOR ALL OF US, BETTY. THESE CHILDREN ARE DEDICATED TO THE FUTURE! AND, YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU AND ME, WE'LL DEVOTE OUR LIVES TO THEM! WE'LL WORK TO BUILD A CLEAN, NEW WORLD BASED ON FREEDOM AND REAL PEACE! MAYBE THIS TIME EARTH PEOPLE WILL SUCCEED!



THE END

DESTINY TAKES THE LONG ROAD!

"It's Willie Thompson," the guard said to Warden Jeans.

Jeans braced himself. He knew Thompson, too well. A reckless, arrogant lifer, his one interest was in stirring up trouble. "What now?" the warden asked.

"Nothing serious! It's his birthday. He wants permission to buy extra cigarettes and snacks for the boys at his table!"

"His birthday—?" The warden stopped short. He hadn't told anyone that it was his own birthday, too; he hated the celebration and the fuss. But within him, he couldn't help feeling that the day was something special. Odd that Willie Thompson should feel it, too.

Jeans rose. "It's okay. I'll tell him myself. I've been meaning to talk to him!"

Thompson looked up from his cot but didn't move as the warden came in. The prisoner's hair was unkempt, his face unshaven. Only his eyes seemed alive, with a burning blaze of murder and hatred.

"H'lo, warden!" he muttered insolently. "Sorry I can't get up. It's my leg. Always gets bad in wet weather."

"Hurt it?" Jeans asked. Having lived and used guns as casually as handkerchiefs, many of the convicts still suffered from old wounds.

"Yeah, but not the way you think! I broke it going downhill on a sled—when I was a kid!"

Willie's voice was flat and monotonous. Still his words made the warden quiver. For they made him remember another episode: an icy hill . . . children pulling their red-and-yellow sleds . . . and then, suddenly, a blinding stab of pain that had twisted and paralyzed his shoulder for months.

"Really?" the warden said at last. "Funny! I fell off a sled, too, when I was a kid! And by the way, I hear it's your birthday."

"Yeah! Thirty-nine! Ain't it a scream, keeping track, in this hole? Must be a habit. My mother started it!"

"She did?"

"You bet! I still remember the summer I was twelve! The old lady was pretty sick, and we were in the country! There weren't even any other kids! But came my birthday—"

"She got out of bed, and made you a party, anyway?"

Now it was Willie's turn to be surprised. "How'd

you know?"

But Jeans couldn't answer. He couldn't tell this killer that he, too, had been away on his twelfth birthday—it might have been the same day!—and that his mother, suffering from the illness that later took her life, had smiled her weak, brave smile, and insisted that only the party mattered.

"Mothers are like that! . . . Well, Thompson, about those cigarettes and things—it's all right! I'll send over a carton myself!"

He was glad to leave the cell. Somehow, the thought of Willie Thompson, born, perhaps, at the very same moment as he had been and leading a life so strangely similar to his own, made his skin crawl. But he couldn't forget, and an hour later, in spite of himself, he was rummaging through the files for the records on Willie Thompson.

He shouldn't have. For each word, each line, was one more link binding their destinies. Jeans could hardly believe his eyes, but, as though hypnotized, he read on. Measles . . . scarlet fever . . . nearsightedness . . . the parents dying young . . . the frequent short trips away from home . . . almost to the day . . . the time spent with grandparents, or at school.

Jeans slammed the cabinet shut. "It's nothing!" he told himself. "It doesn't mean a thing! Just a lot of coincidences!"

But he couldn't forget Thompson, or keep away from him. And the more they talked together, the more it seemed that their lives were incredible echoes of each other, as if they'd been planned by the same chart. Thompson might have been his twin brother!

Like that time they were talking about girls. It was visitors' day, and most of the men were excited and cheerful, encouraged by the small gifts from, and the kind words of, their sweethearts or wives.

"It makes a man wish he was married!" Willie burst out.

"Ever consider it?"

"Sure—" he paused. "Only she wouldn't have me! She was cute, too, a red-head—"

But Jeans wasn't listening. His mind raced back . . . back to Mary Gordon, and the day she'd said *no*! That's when he'd decided to take up criminology, to forget his own troubles in the troubles of others.

Willie was still talking. "That's when I pulled my first job . . . after we broke up. I was too upset

to work steady, and anyway, nothing mattered any more."

So that was how Fate had brought them on the opposite sides of the law! Just one wrong turn, and he, *Jeans*, might have been a second Thompson. And with it all, they'd ended up in the same place!

Jeans' brain was in a whirl as he left. He'd heard of such things, of powers that govern men, of destinies that can twist a life like a paper straw. But, he couldn't, he *wouldn't* believe it.

"It's just coincidence," he grumbled to himself. "Probably *all* the prisoners have been jilted—or fallen off sleds."

A week later, he stopped pretending. It was the morning he woke up with that throbbing pain over one eye—and his fingers too numb to hold a razor. When two aspirins didn't help, he managed to call the prison doctor.

He waited a long time for the doctor's voice. "Hello?"

"Hello! This is Jeans! Listen—"

"Can I call you back, warden? I've got a patient now—Willie Thompson!"

Jeans knew the doctor's next words before they came.

"It's a headache!" the voice was saying. "Migraine, a very rare sort. Splitting pain over one eye, and a numbness of the fingers! I've studied it in books, but this is the first case I've ever seen!"

Jeans couldn't control his shaking hand. There was only one hope—one must have caught it from the other.

"Is it contagious?" His voice faltered.

"Oh, no! And very rare—as I said!"

Jeans slammed down the receiver.

What did it mean? How had it happened? What escape was there? Why, WHY had destiny chained him to Willie Thompson? There was no use babbling "coincidence." The word had become empty as a broken shell. He had to face the facts—and the facts were that he and Thompson shared one life, as irrevocably as if they were one person. The thought pounded in his throbbing brain.

If only there were someone to whom he could talk! But . . . *who*? How could a mature, responsible man confess to a blind superstition that any fool would laugh at? No, the answer, if there *were* an answer, lay between himself and Willie Thompson.

But he never learned it. Three days later, armed with a pair of scissors picked up in the infirmary, Willie Thompson escaped.

Within minutes, a special meeting was called. Jeans sat at his desk; with him were the guards, two Washington detectives, and the lieutenant-governor.

"A deadly killer is loose!" the lieutenant-governor was saying, "and we *must* get him back."

Jeans nodded. And then a detective spoke. "Dead or alive!"

DEAD! The word crashed in Jeans' brain like the crack of a gun. *Not dead*, he wanted to scream! Because if Thompson died—his mind couldn't finish the thought.

But Thompson would not die. He, Jeans, would make sure of that. Slowly, he turned to the group. "I'd like to go after Thompson myself!"

And Jeans picked up the killer's trail. A second-hand clothes-dealer supplied the first tip; a waitress near the railroad yards, the second. And just before dawn, two days after Thompson had escaped, Jeans caught up with him . . . heading for the 5:18 fast freight.

Fortunately, he saw Thompson first. Crouching, he dashed across the yard to the train embankment, 100 feet away.

Then, with his revolver lifted, he turned upon Willie: "Stop!"

The convict only ran faster. The 5:18 was due in another minute.

"Stop, Thompson! You're throwing away your life. You haven't a chance!"

No answer.

"Thompson! I'll—shoot!"

But the fleeing man didn't even falter. In the distance, Jeans heard the roar of the 5:18. Slowly, he aimed the gun.

But his arm froze in mid-air. What if he *was* crazy, superstitious? It would be suicide to kill Thompson! He couldn't do it! He'd miss—claim it was an accident!

Still it was no use. Warden Jeans, in pursuit of a killer who had to be stopped at all costs, couldn't hesitate now. Even if it meant one extra life.

Deliberately, gritting his teeth, he took aim and fired.

He caught one glimpse of Thompson, staggering and then crashing to the ground—

And then it happened. The recoil of Jeans' gun caught him off guard. He swerved, tried to balance—and toppled off the embankment. Too late for the 5:18 to stop.

The papers called Jeans' death a dreadful accident. Maybe it was. Or was it destiny . . . tying him to Willie Thompson in death, as it had in life.

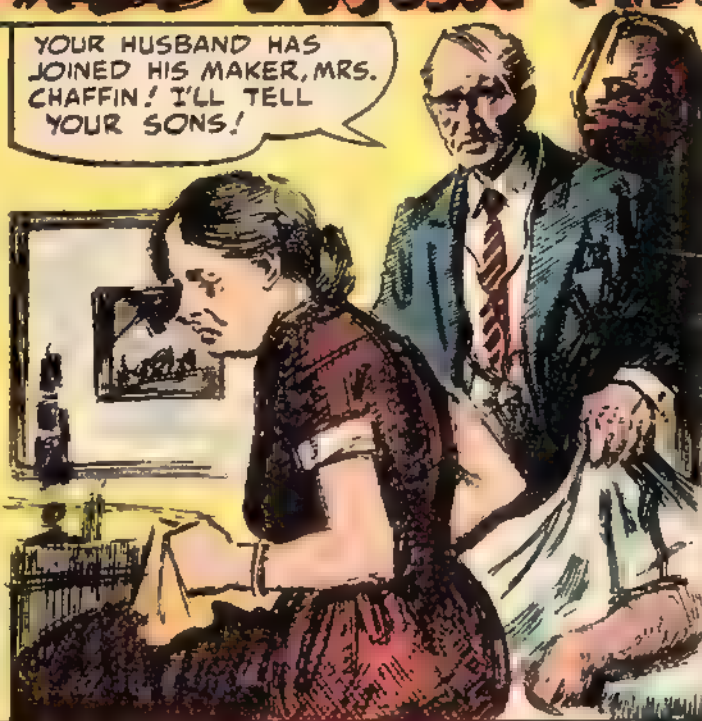
A WILL FROM THE GRAVE

WHEN A WRONG HAS BEEN COMMITTED, NOT EVEN THE GRAVE CAN SILENCE A SLEEPLESS SPIRIT—IN THIS CASE, JAMES L. CHAFFIN, A DAVIE, N.C. FARMER, WHO DIED...

YOUR HUSBAND HAS JOINED HIS MAKER, MRS. CHAFFIN! I'LL TELL YOUR SONS!

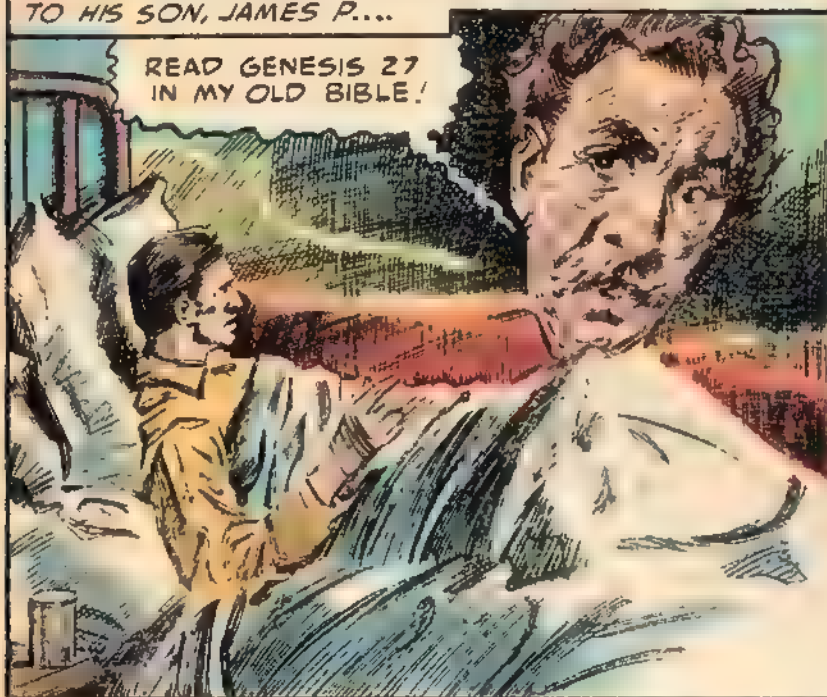
WHEN CHAFFIN'S WILL WAS READ TO HIS FAMILY...

THIS WILL IS DATED NOV. 16, 1905! IT STATES, "MY FARM AND ALL POSSESSIONS ARE LEFT TO MY SON, MARSHALL!"



NOTHING WAS LEFT TO MRS. CHAFFIN OR THE OTHER SONS! THEN IN JUNE 1925, THE DEAD MAN APPEARED TO HIS SON, JAMES P....

READ GENESIS 27 IN MY OLD BIBLE!



THE SON HASTENED TO HIS MOTHER'S HOUSE AND FOUND THE BIBLE...

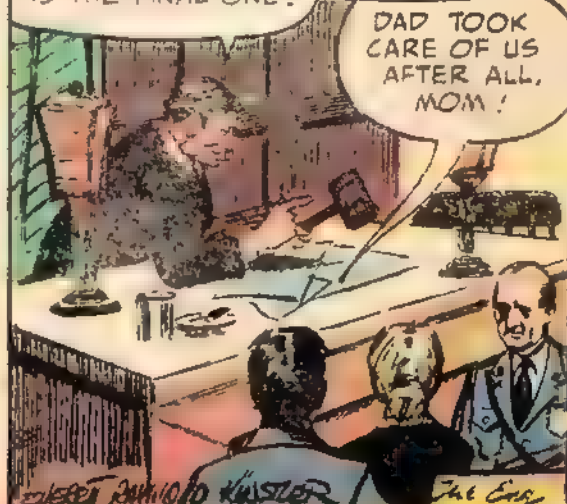
HERE IT IS! CHAPTER 27 OF GENESIS!

LOOK, MOM—A PIECE OF PAPER IN THE LEAVES—IN DAD'S HANDWRITING!



UNDER THE LAWS OF THIS STATE, I FIND THAT THE WILL REVEALED BY THE GHOST OF JAMES L. CHAFFIN IS THE FINAL ONE!

DAD TOOK CARE OF US AFTER ALL, MOM!



IT WAS A SECOND WILL, WRITTEN 16 YEARS AFTER THE FIRST ONE...

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I, James L. Chaffin, after reading Genesis 27, do make my last will and testament that all my property is to be equally divided among my four sons. And they must take care of their mother. James L. Chaffin Jan 16, 1919

ON JAN. 28, 1925, A DECISION WAS RENDERED...



The CYCLE of TIME!

W-WE'RE DONE FOR! HE'LL RIP THIS THING APART LIKE AN EGG-SHELL!

TAMPERING WITH TIME IS A DANGEROUS THING... BUT WE STILL HAVE ONE CHANCE...

TO BE ABLE TO TRAVEL INTO THE PAST TO PILLAGE AND ROB WITH 20TH CENTURY WEAPONS SEEMED TO BE THE MOST FOOL-PROOF SYSTEM OF CRIME EVER DEvised!

AND YET, FRED McCANN HAD OVERLOOKED **ONE THING!** TIME MOVES IN REGULAR WAVES, AND EVENTUALLY EVERY MAN MUST COMPLETE...

The Cycle of DEATH

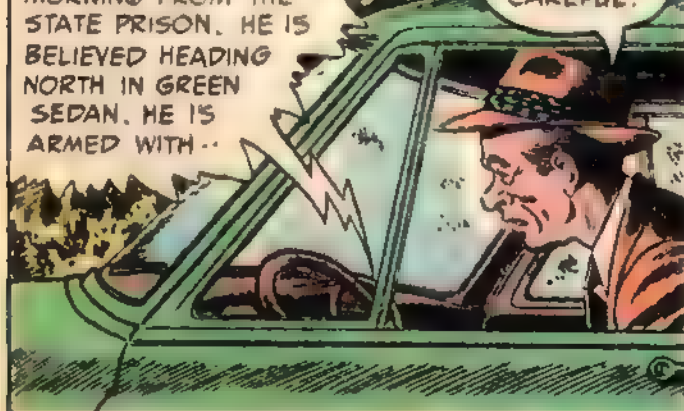


THE AFTERNOON CALM OF THE MINNESOTA WOODS WAS SHATTERED BY THE SOUND OF FRED McCANN'S RACING MOTOR AND TOO LOUD RADIO. SUDDENLY, McCANN FROWNED AND

AND NOW THE **THREE O'CLOCK NEWS!** FRED McCANN, CONVICTED GUNMAN, ESCAPED THIS MORNING FROM THE STATE PRISON. HE IS BELIEVED HEADING NORTH IN GREEN SEDAN. HE IS ARMED WITH...

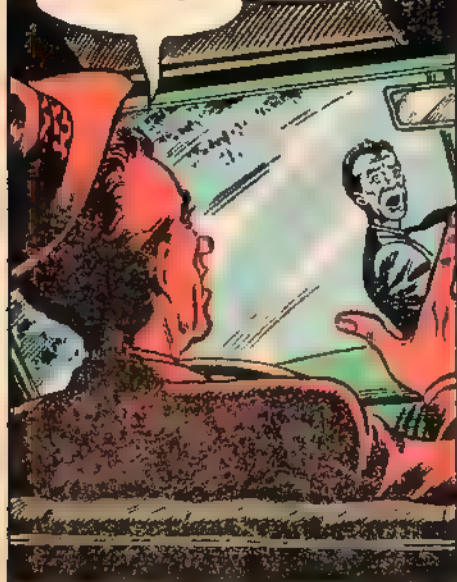
BLAST THE LUCK! I'LL HAVE TO BE SUPER-CAREFUL!

TIME IS THE IMPORTANT THING NOW... HEY! THAT MAN STANDING IN THE ROAD! HE'D BETTER GET OUT OF THE WAY FAST!

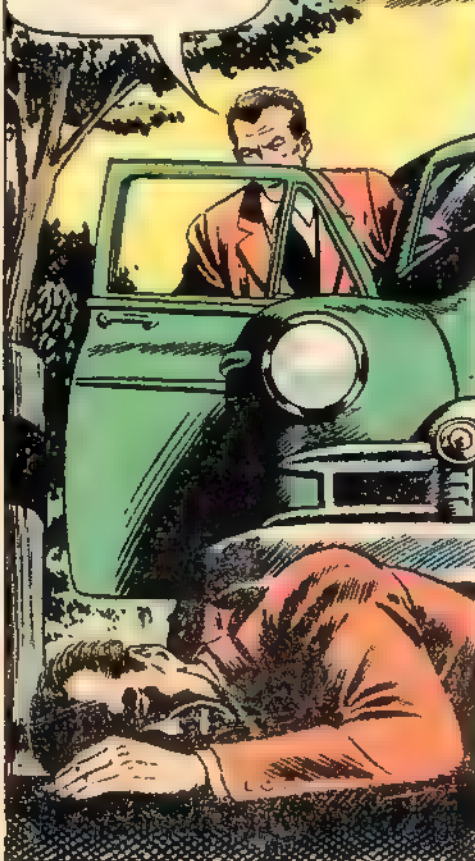


EVEN AT THE GREAT SPEED AT WHICH HE WAS GOING AND THE SUDDENNESS OF THE MAN'S APPEARANCE IN THE ROAD, MCCANN MIGHT HAVE STOPPED, HAD NOT HIS REFLEXES BEEN FROZEN BY WHAT HE SAW!

THE FOOL! WHAT'S THE MATTER W-- WH-- WHY... H-HE... LOOKS LIKE ME! I'M GOING TO HIT HIM! I CAN'T STOP!



MY EYES MUST HAVE BEEN PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! I'VE GOT TO SEE HIS FACE AGAIN!



(GASP) IT'S CRAZY!... IT'S LIKE LOOKING AT MY OWN CORPSE!



BUT, SAY, IF HE LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE ME FOR ME TO THINK SO, MAYBE HE'LL FOOL THE COPS INTO THINKING HE'S ME WHEN THEY FIND HIS BODY!... AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SLIP OVER THE BORDER!



KILLING THIS GUY BY ACCIDENT MIGHT BE MY LUCKY BREAK! I'LL-- HEY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE!



THE NOISE IS COMING FROM THAT STRANGE LOOKING MACHINE OVER THERE!.. HUH! MAYBE THIS GUY I RAN OVER WASN'T ALONE? WHAT IF SOMEBODY SAW ME RUN HIM DOWN?



HOLY SMOKE! I
MUST BE GOING
NUTS!



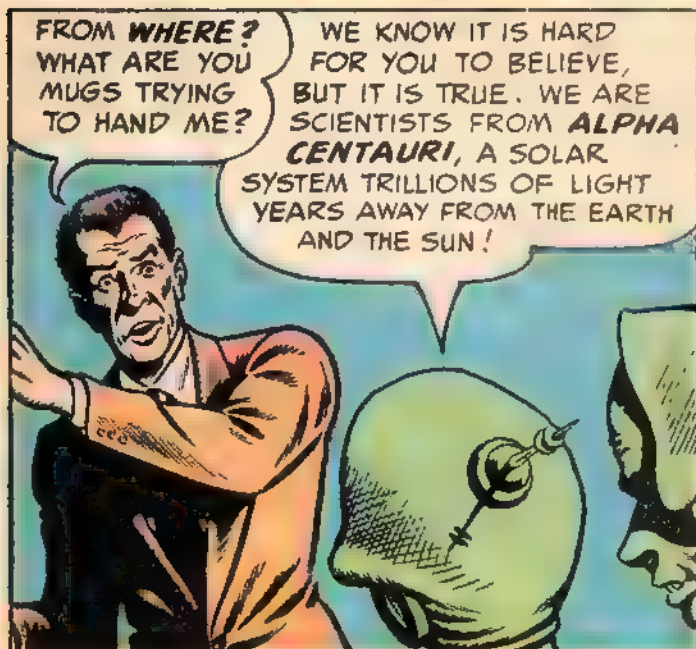
WHAT--! STOP
OR I'LL SHOOT!

PUT YOUR WEAPON
AWAY, EARTHMAN!
WE ARE FRIENDS!
WE CAME FROM
ALPHA CENTAURI!



FROM WHERE?
WHAT ARE YOU
MUGS TRYING
TO HAND ME?

WE KNOW IT IS HARD
FOR YOU TO BELIEVE,
BUT IT IS TRUE. WE ARE
SCIENTISTS FROM **ALPHA
CENTAURI**, A SOLAR
SYSTEM TRILLIONS OF LIGHT
YEARS AWAY FROM THE EARTH
AND THE SUN!



WHEN MCCANN RECOVERED ENOUGH FROM THE SHOCK
OF THE STRANGE SERIES OF EVENTS TO THINK
CLEARLY, THE STORY TOLD BY THE CREATURES
FROM THE DISTANT WORLD BEGAN TO PENETRATE...

WE CAME TO EARTH IN OUR NEW
TIME-SPACE MACHINE, A DEVICE
THAT SYNCHRONIZES ITSELF WITH
VIBRATIONS OF PAST AND
FUTURE EVENTS. BUT COME,
SINCE YOU ARE THE FIRST
EARTHMAN WE HAVE MET,
WE WILL SHOW YOU!

OKAY, BUT
DON'T TRY
ANYTHING
FUNNY ON
ME! I'M
WARNING YOU!



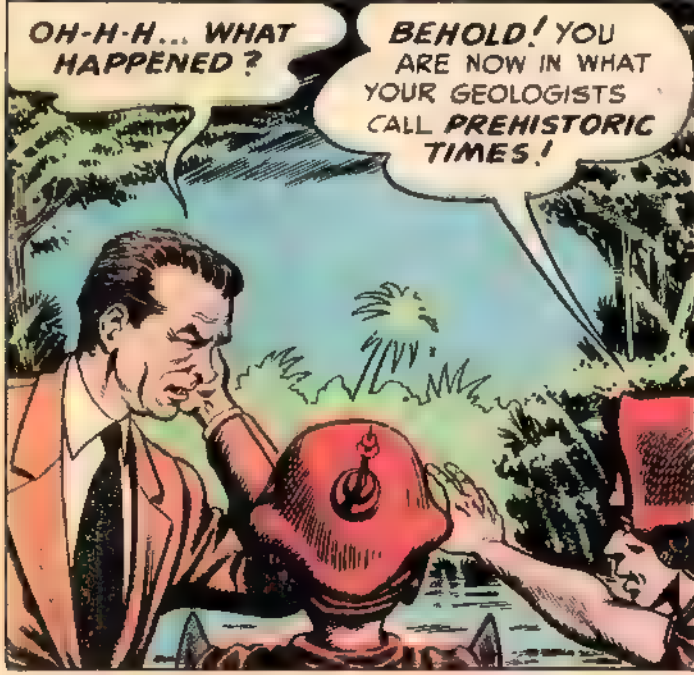
SEE HOW SIMPLE THIS
IS TO OPERATE! I JUST
SET THE DIALS TO THE
TIME OF THE EARLY DAYS
OF YOUR WORLD, FOR EXAMPLE...
**ONE MILLION YEARS
AGO TODAY!**

HEY! WHAT
THE ---



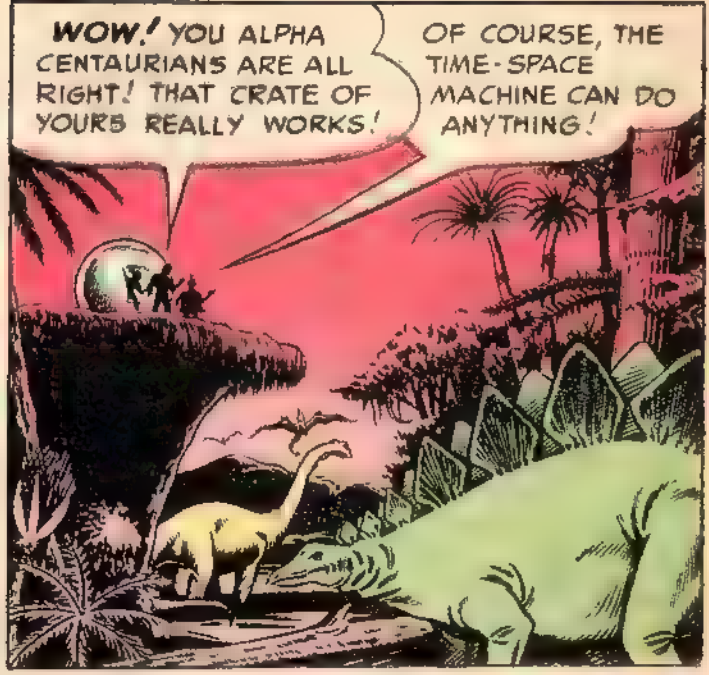
BEFORE MCCANN CAN STOP THE CENTAURIAN, THE
DIAL IS SET AND...





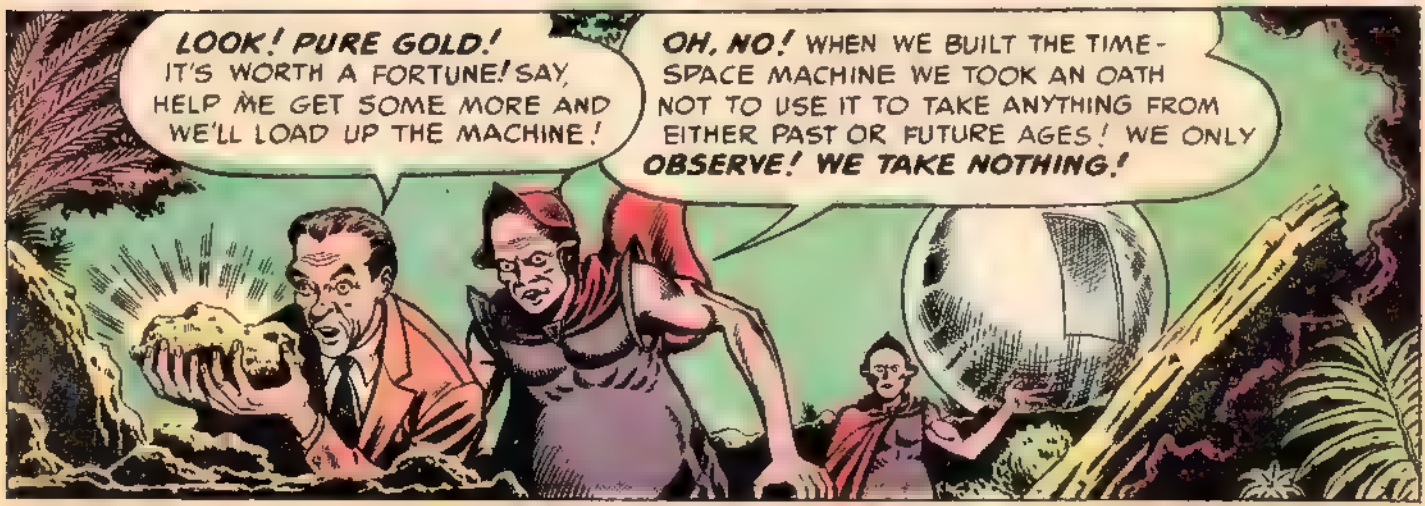
OH-H-H... WHAT HAPPENED?

BEHOLD! YOU ARE NOW IN WHAT YOUR GEOLOGISTS CALL **PREHISTORIC TIMES!**



WOW! YOU ALPHA CENTAURIANS ARE ALL RIGHT! THAT CRATE OF YOURS REALLY WORKS!

OF COURSE, THE TIME-SPACE MACHINE CAN DO ANYTHING!



LOOK! PURE GOLD! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE! SAY, HELP ME GET SOME MORE AND WE'LL LOAD UP THE MACHINE!

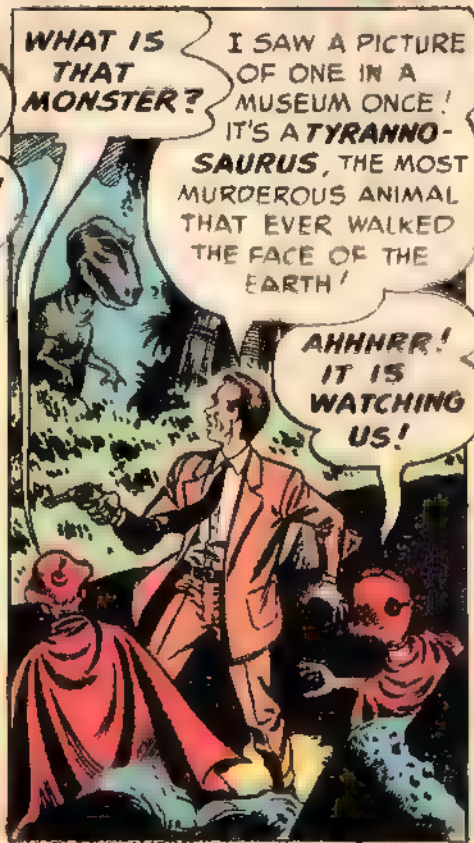
OH, NO! WHEN WE BUILT THE TIME-SPACE MACHINE WE TOOK AN OATH NOT TO USE IT TO TAKE ANYTHING FROM EITHER PAST OR FUTURE AGES! WE ONLY **OBSERVE! WE TAKE NOTHING!**



OH YEAH? SUPPOSE I TAKE WHAT I WANT? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

YOU CANNOT THREATEN US, EARTHMAN, YOU... OH!!

EEEEEE! LOOK!



WHAT IS THAT MONSTER?

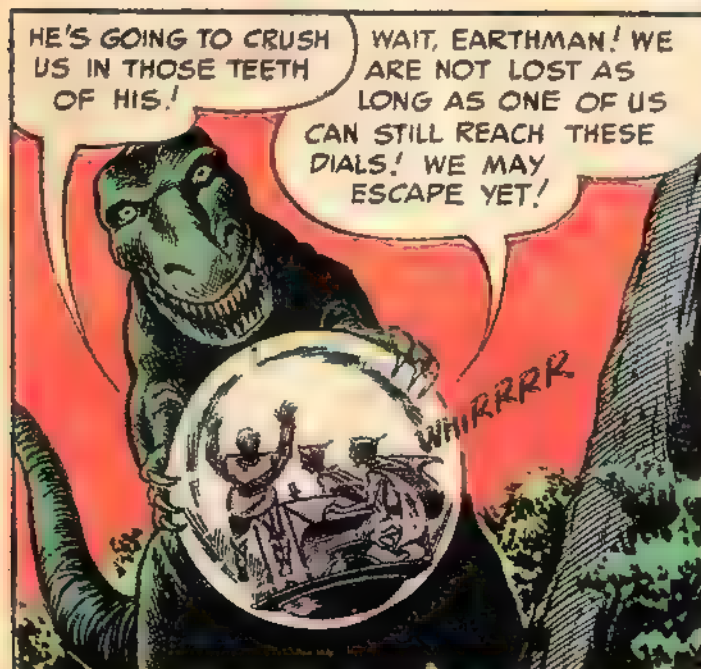
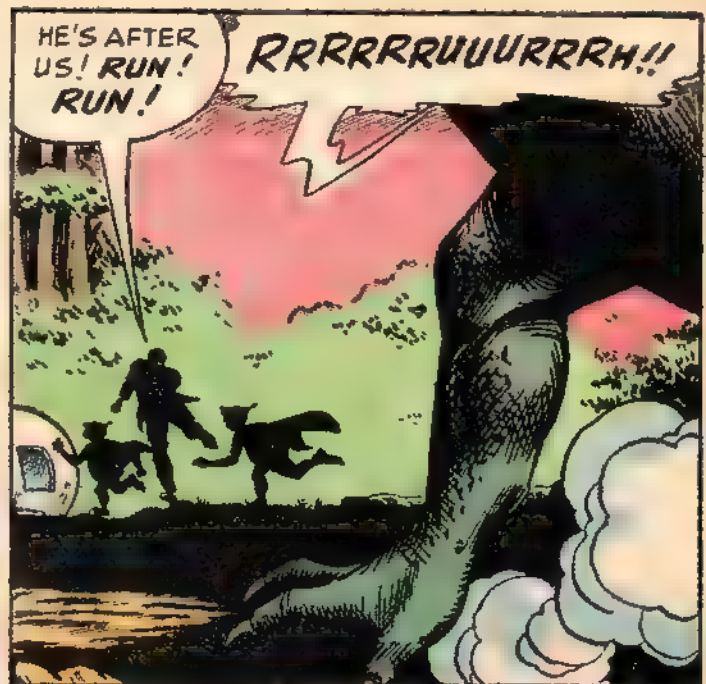
I SAW A PICTURE OF ONE IN A MUSEUM ONCE! IT'S A **TYRANNO-SAURUS**, THE MOST MURDEROUS ANIMAL THAT EVER WALKED THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

AHHRR! IT IS WATCHING US!

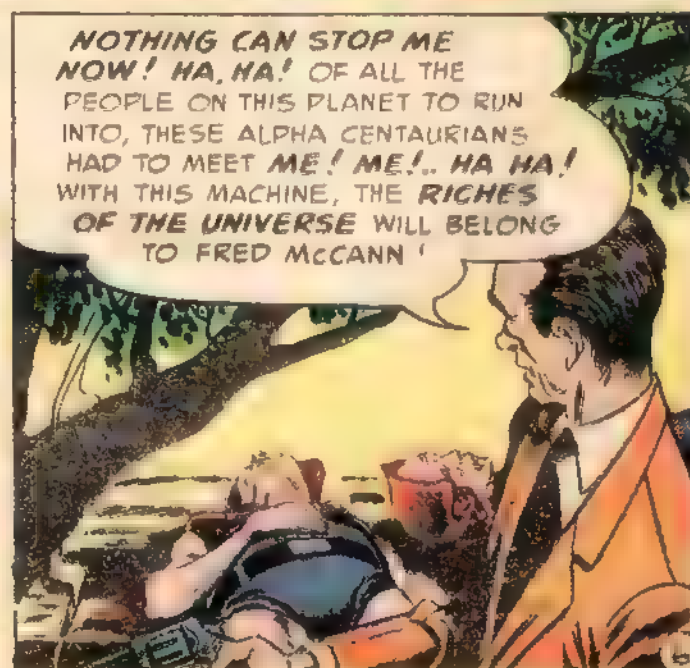
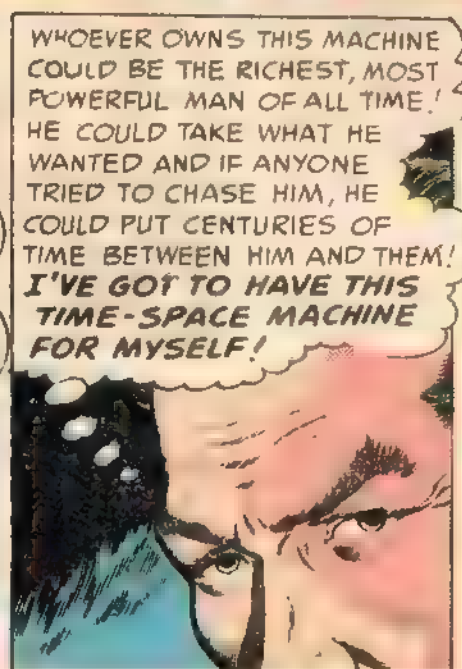
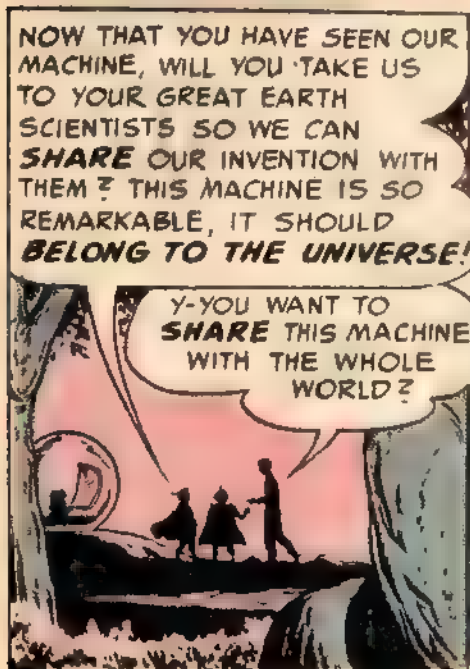


MAYBE I CAN KILL HIM!

BAM BAM



WITH THE WHIRRING SOUND, THE TIME-SPACE MACHINE FADED FROM THE AGE OF PRE-HISTORIC MONSTERS AND REAPPEARED IN THE PRESENT! IT WAS HARD TO SAY WHO WAS THE MORE SURPRISED BY THIS MAGIC-LIKE FEAT OF SCIENCE -- FRED MCCANN OR THE TYRANNOSAURUS!



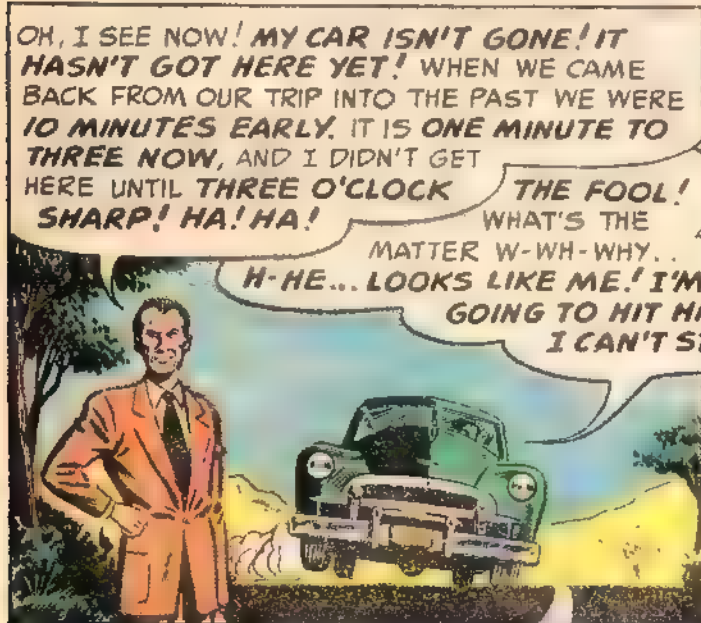


FIRST THING I'LL DO IS HIDE MY CAR AND THE BODY OF THAT GUY I BUMPED OFF IN THE ACCIDENT...



HEY, WHERE IS THAT CAR OF MINE? I PARKED IT RIGHT HERE.. AND THE DEAD MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE ME, THE GUY I RAN OVER.. HE'S GONE TOO! WHAT'S THIS?

MCCANN BECAME SO ENGROSSSED, HE DID NOT SEE THE GREEN SEDAN BEARING DOWN UPON HIM...



OH, I SEE NOW! MY CAR ISN'T GONE! IT HASN'T GOT HERE YET! WHEN WE CAME BACK FROM OUR TRIP INTO THE PAST WE WERE 10 MINUTES EARLY. IT IS ONE MINUTE TO THREE NOW, AND I DIDN'T GET HERE UNTIL THREE O'CLOCK SHARP! HA! HA!

THE FOOL! WHAT'S THE MATTER W-WH-WHY... H-HE... LOOKS LIKE ME! I'M GOING TO HIT HIM! I CAN'T STOP!



THAT CAR!.. M-MY CAR!... AAAAIII!!

SCREEECH



TH-THAT MAN... THAT DRIVER... IS ME!

MY EYES MUST HAVE BEEN PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! I'VE GOT TO SEE HIS FACE AGAIN!



(GASP) IT'S CRAZY!.. IT'S LIKE LOOKING AT MY OWN CORPSE!

FRED MCCANN WAS LOOKING AT HIS OWN CORPSE! IN FACT HE HAD JUST KILLED HIMSELF FOR THE SECOND TIME! HE HAD THOUGHT TO MASTER TIME... HE HAD TRIED TO COMPEL IT TO BECOME A WEAPON FOR HIS OWN SELFISH SCHEMES. BUT THE ONE THING HE DID NOT PLAN ON-- THE ONE THING HE DID NOT KNOW - WAS THAT IN TIME, EVERYONE MUST EVENTUALLY COMPLETE HIS... DEATH CYCLE!

The End

The MYSTERY of EASTER ISLAND

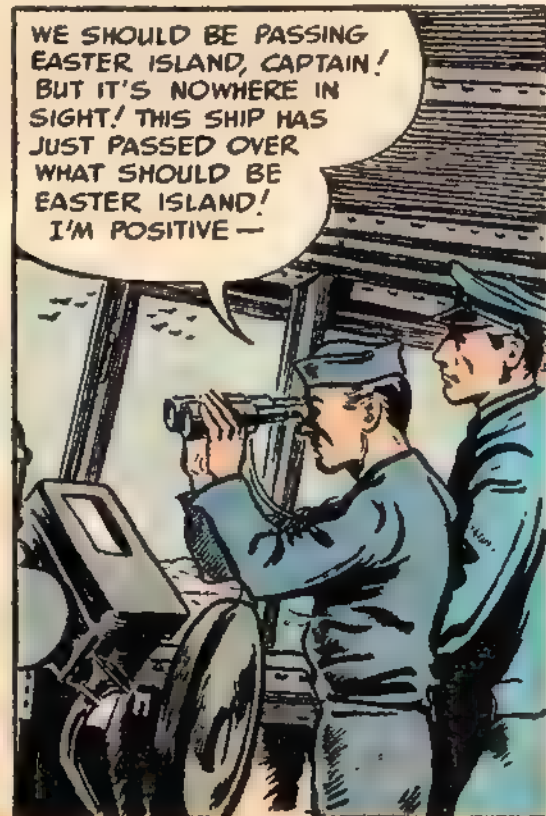
DEEP IN THE PACIFIC, 2,000 MILES WEST OF CHILE, LIES AN ISLAND OF DEAD GODS AND UNSOLVED MYSTERIES. IN 1687 AN ENGLISH PIRATE NAMED DAVIS SPIED IT FOR THE FIRST TIME WHILE RUNNING BEFORE A HURRICANE.



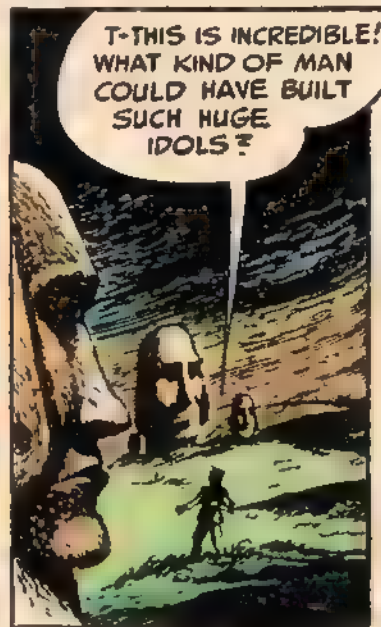
THE FATE OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE TOMBS WILL ALWAYS REMAIN A MYSTERY! NOR CAN ANYONE TRANSLATE THE STRANGE PICTOGRAPHIC ENGRAVINGS ON THE WOODEN TABLETS FOUND ON THE ISLAND. NOTHING LIKE THEM HAD EVER BEEN SEEN. THEN ONE DAY IN THE DESERT COUNTRY OF WESTERN INDIA, NEAR ARABIA, ARCHEOLOGISTS MADE A DISCOVERY...



ADDING TO THE MYSTERY IS THE FACT THAT IN THE PAST 300 YEARS THE ISLAND HAS BEEN CHARTED IN MANY DIFFERENT PLACES AS MUCH AS **THOUSAND MILES APART!** DOES THE ISLAND MOVE LIKE THE MYSTERIOUS SAND SHOALS OF WEST AFRICA?



ON EASTER SUNDAY, 1722, ROGGEWEEN, A DUTCH SEA CAPTAIN, BECAME THE FIRST MAN TO LAND ON THE ISLAND AND RE-NAMED IT "EASTER" ISLAND IN HONOR OF THE DAY! HE BEHELD A STRANGE SIGHT...



STRETCHING ACROSS THE SLOPES OF THE ISLAND THESE HUGE STATUES OF VOLCANIC TUFFA FACE AWAY FROM THE SEA. TOWERING UP TO FIFTY FEET IN HEIGHT COULD WEIGH AS MUCH AS SIXTY TONS, THEY VARY IN SIZE BUT ARE OBVIOUSLY CARVED AFTER A SINGLE MODEL. AND COMPLETELY RINGING THE SHORES OF THE ISLAND IS A CHAIN OF 230 BURIAL VAULTS IN WHICH ARE...

WHY, THERE ARE THE BONES OF THOUSANDS OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THESE TOMBS? WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THESE PEOPLE?



TODAY THERE ARE LESS THAN 150 NATIVES ON EASTER ISLAND, POLYNESIANS WITH A STRONG ADMIXTURE OF NEGROID BLOOD. MOSTLY UNCULTURED, IGNORANT DRIFTERS, THEY KNOW NOTHING OF THE ANCIENT LORE OR OF HISTORY OF THE ISLAND. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GREAT RACE OF PEOPLE THAT CARVED AND HAULED THOSE MIGHTY STATUES ACROSS THE ISLAND? WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? WILL MODERN MAN EVER SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF EASTER ISLAND?



IT WAS A STRANGE TINY SHOP, THE KIND OF PLACE YOU WOULD PASS A THOUSAND TIMES AND NEVER NOTICE. YET, ONCE ITS THRESHOLD WAS CROSSED, IT WAS LIKE ENTERING A DIFFERENT WORLD. DO YOU DARE TO COME WITH US TO HEAR AND SEE THE CHILLING STORY BEHIND THE...

MURDERER'S MASK



LATE ONE EVENING IN THE MANSION OF OLD JEREMIAH BLANSHARD...

I'VE PAMPERED YOU TOO MUCH AS IT IS, DONALD - BUT **THIS** IS THE END! I REFUSE TO PAY ANOTHER PENNY FOR YOUR GAMBLING DEBTS. DO YOU HEAR? **NOT ONE PENNY!**

BUT IT'S ONLY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, UNCLE!

ONLY FIVE HUNDRED, YOU SAY? WHY, YOU YOUNG SCAMP, I'LL--



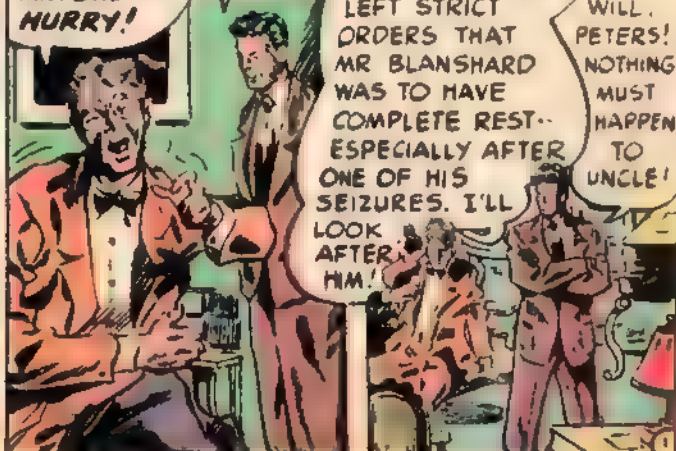
MY HEART! D-DON'T JUST STAND THERE! CALL THE BUTLER! ANYONE-- **HURRY!**

OF COURSE! ANYTHING FOR MY FAVORITE UNCLE!

AFTER THE BUTLER ARRIVES.

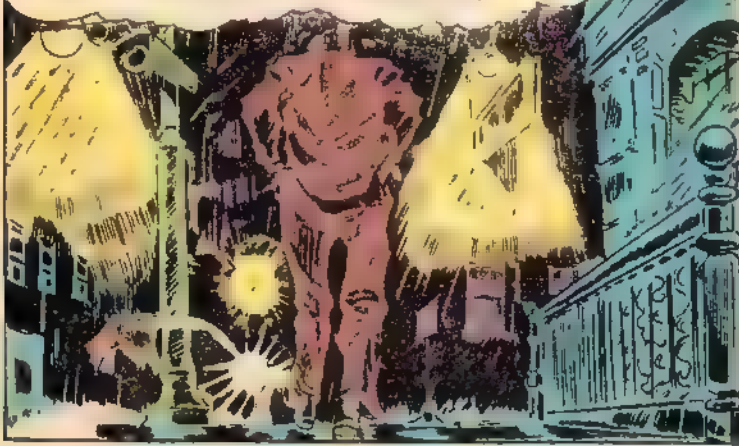
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT THE DOCTOR LEFT STRICT ORDERS THAT MR BLANSHARD WAS TO HAVE COMPLETE REST-- ESPECIALLY AFTER ONE OF HIS SEIZURES. I'LL LOOK AFTER HIM!

I'M SURE YOU WILL, PETERS! NOTHING MUST HAPPEN TO UNCLE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, AS THE BROODING YOUNG MAN WALKS THE DESERTED STREETS, AN UGLY PLAN BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE...

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF HURRYING THINGS ALONG. UNCLE JEREMIAH HAS A BAD HEART, BUT WITH THE CARE HE GETS HE COULD LIVE FOR TEN YEARS BEFORE I GET TO INHERIT HIS FORTUNE!



THERE ARE PLENTY OF WAYS, BUT I MUST BE CAREFUL... IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF SOME-- WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!



ONE OF THESE MASKS WOULD DO IT ALL RIGHT. ALL UNCLE JEREMIAH NEEDS IS **ONE GOOD SCARE**--AND IT WOULD BE HIS LAST! IT'LL LOOK LIKE JUST ORDINARY HEART FAILURE!



WITHOUT FURTHER HESITATION, DONALD ENTERS THE SHOP...

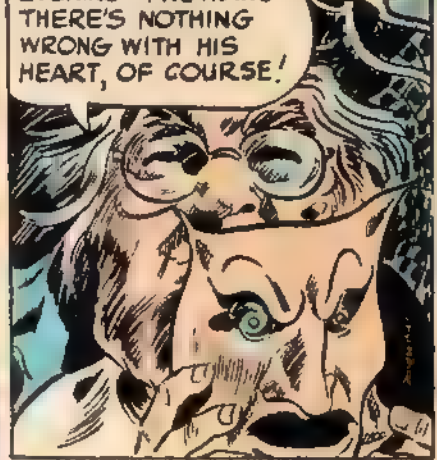
IT'S FUNNY THAT I NEVER NOTICED YOUR PLACE BEFORE. BUT YOUR MASKS ARE THE BEST I'VE SEEN!

IT'S ONLY A SMALL SHOP, SIR, AND EASILY PASSED BY! HOWEVER, IF IT'S A MASK YOU WANT, YOU'LL FIND IT HERE.



NOW HERE'S ONE I'M ESPECIALLY FOND OF. IN ITS OWN QUIET WAY IT'S A SHOCKER. YOU MIGHT SPRING IT ON AN OLD FRIEND SOME EVENING--PROVIDING THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH HIS HEART, OF COURSE!

YEAH, THAT WOULD BE FUN... I'LL TAKE IT!



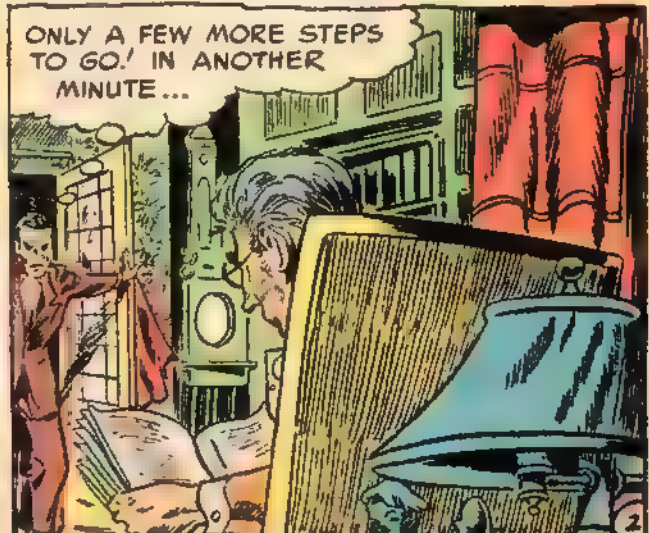
GOOD NIGHT, SIR, AND I DO HOPE MY LITTLE MASK BRINGS YOU A GREAT DEAL OF PLEASURE!

I THINK IT WILL!



HURRYING BACK TO HIS UNCLE'S MANSION, DONALD SLIPS THE MASK OVER HIS FACE AND THEN MAKES A CAUTIOUS ENTRY...

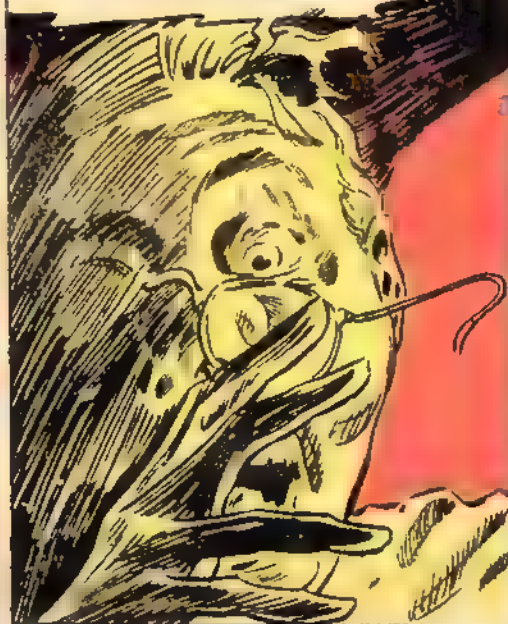
ONLY A FEW MORE STEPS TO GO! IN ANOTHER MINUTE...



IS THAT YOU, DONALD?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
DONALD - WHY DON'T
YOU ANSWER ME?



A-A-A-A-AAGH!



HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT!
BUT THAT SCREAM IS
BRINGING THE SERVANTS.
I MUSTN'T LET THEM
FIND ME WITH THIS
MASK ON.



I CAN'T GET IT OFF!
IT'S STUCK TO
MY FACE!



MR. BLANSARD!
HE'S DEAD!

THAT MAN
KILLED HIM!
GRAB HIM!



LET GO OF ME, YOU FOOLS!
HE HAD A HEART ATTACK!
DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

HURRY, MARY!
CALL THE POLICE!

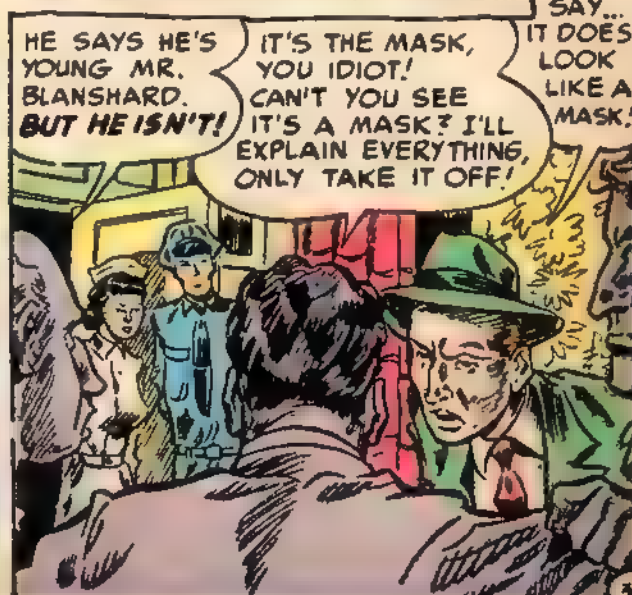


AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...

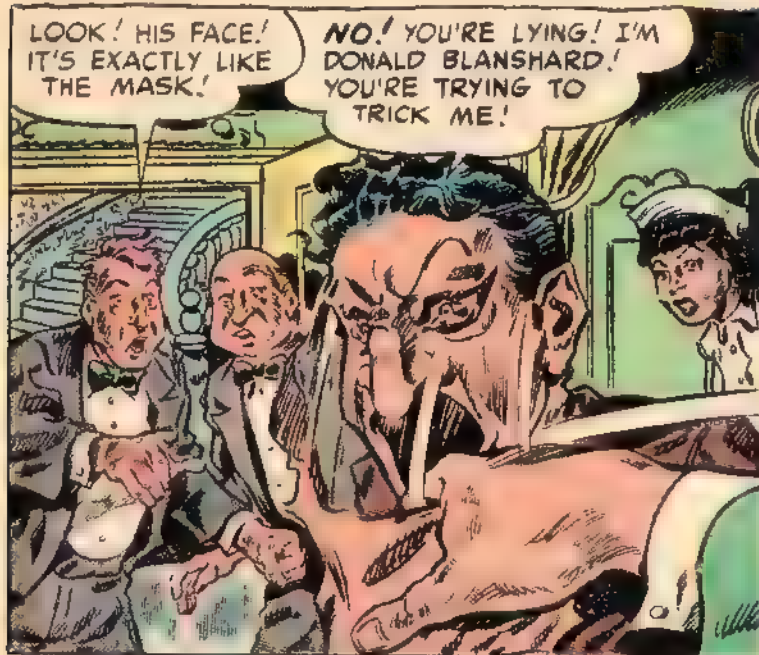
HE SAYS HE'S
YOUNG MR.
BLANSARD.
BUT HE ISN'T!

IT'S THE MASK,
YOU IDIOT!
CAN'T YOU SEE
IT'S A MASK? I'LL
EXPLAIN EVERYTHING,
ONLY TAKE IT OFF!

SAY...
IT DOES
LOOK
LIKE A
MASK!



QUICKLY, THE DETECTIVE RIPS THE MASK FREE BUT...



WHAT DO YOU
SAY NOW?

I... IT CAN'T BE! I'M
DONALD BLANSARD!
I SWEAR IT!



STRUGGLING AND PROTESTING, DONALD IS
DRAGGED FROM THE HOUSE...

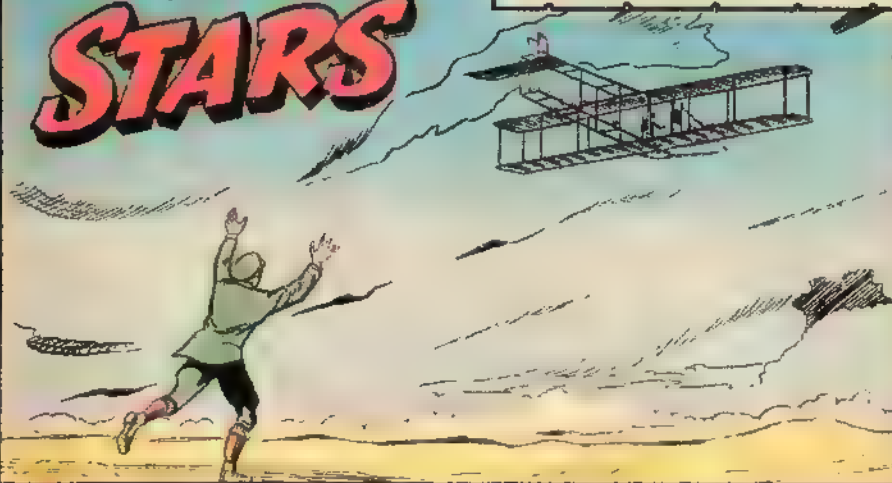


AND AS THE PATROL CAR
TAKES DONALD AWAY...



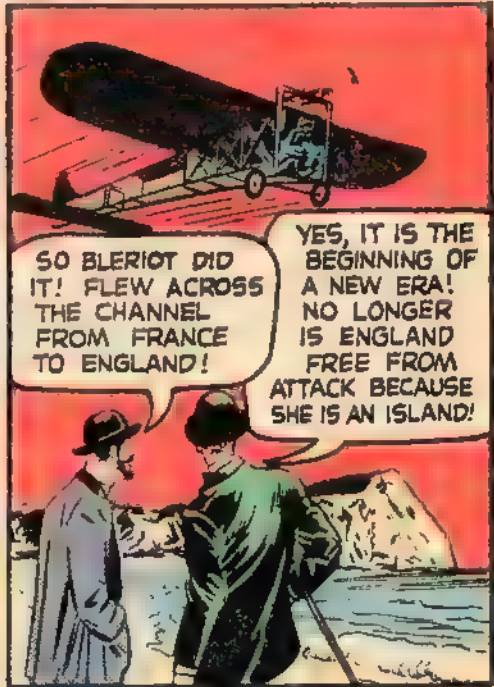
HEADED FOR THE STARS

LESS THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO, ON A BLEAK NORTH CAROLINA BEACH, TWO BROTHERS ACCOMPLISHED A FEAT MEN HAD DREAMED OF FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS...

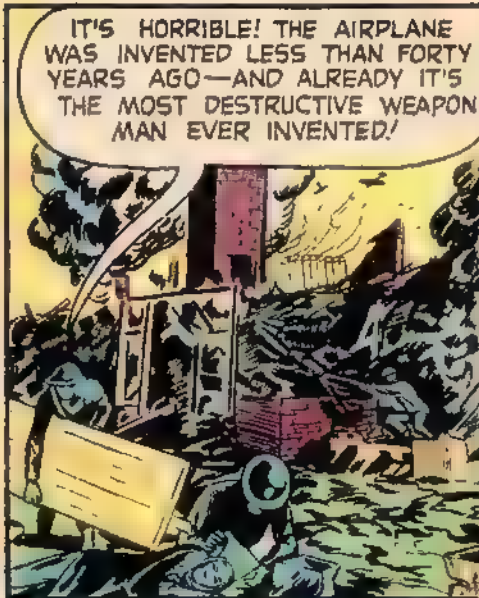


YES, THAT WAS ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT'S TEST OF THEIR FLYING MACHINE AT KITTY HAWK, NORTH CAROLINA, ON DEC. 17, 1903 — THE FIRST FLIGHT OF A HEAVIER-THAN-AIR CRAFT IN HISTORY!

ON JULY 25, 1909, BLERIOT, A FRENCHMAN, PILOTED HIS TINY MONOPLANE ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

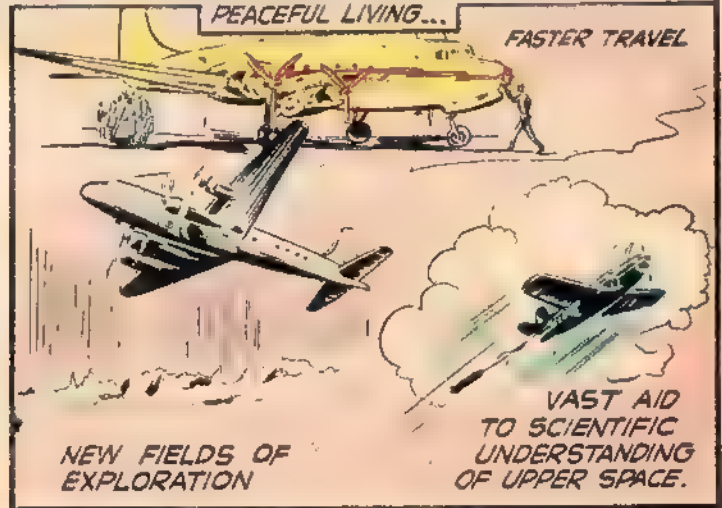


THE FEARS OF ENGLISHMEN WERE TO BE REALIZED DURING THE TERRIBLE NAZI BLITZES OF WORLD WAR II



IT'S HORRIBLE! THE AIRPLANE WAS INVENTED LESS THAN FORTY YEARS AGO—AND ALREADY IT'S THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON MAN EVER INVENTED!

WHILE PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD DESPAIRED BECAUSE OF THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY AIRCRAFT, THE FLYING MACHINE ALSO MADE CONTRIBUTIONS TO PEACEFUL LIVING...

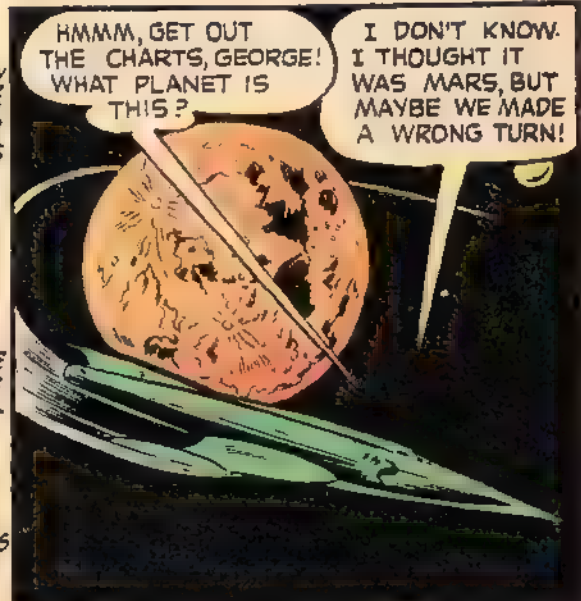


TODAY, WITH ROCKET AND JET-PROPULSION WELL ADVANCED, SCIENCE IS CONSTANTLY LEARNING MORE ABOUT THE EXTREMES OF UPPER SPACES, THROUGH INSTRUMENTS CARRIED BY THE ROCKETS THEMSELVES...

THE DATA IN THIS CYLINDER CUT LOOSE FROM THE ROCKET MAY ADVANCE OUR KNOWLEDGE OF OUTER SPACE BY 20 YEARS!



IN LESS THAN A HALF-CENTURY, PLANE SPEEDS HAVE INCREASED FROM 40 MILES PER HOUR TO AS HIGH AS 1200! IF THE SAME RATIO CAN BE MAINTAINED IN THE NEXT 50 YEARS, THE MYSTERIES OF INTER-PLANETARY REGIONS MAY BE SOLVED AND MEN MAY LAND ON MARS AND VENUS!



The DRUMMER of TEDWORTH

SOMETIMES EVEN THE LOWLIEST OF MEN MAY POSSESS OCCULT POWERS! SUCH A MAN APPEARED IN THE TOWN OF TEDWORTH, WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND, ON OCTOBER 14, 1761...

SHOW YOUR PAPERS, STRANGER!

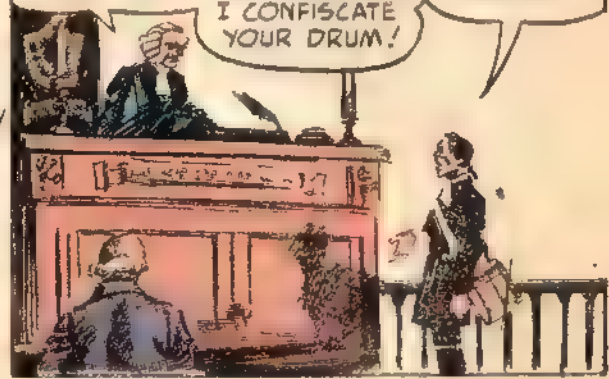
I HAVE NONE, CONSTABLE! I AM ONLY A POOR DRUMMER ON MY WAY HOME FROM THE WARS!



THE DRUMMER WAS HAILED BEFORE JUDGE JOHN MOMPESSEON ON A CHARGE OF VAGRANCY...

FOR YOUR SERVICE TO THE CROWN, I SET YOU FREE! FOR YOUR VAGRANCY, I CONFISCATE YOUR DRUM!

NO, NO! IT IS MY ONLY POSSESSION!

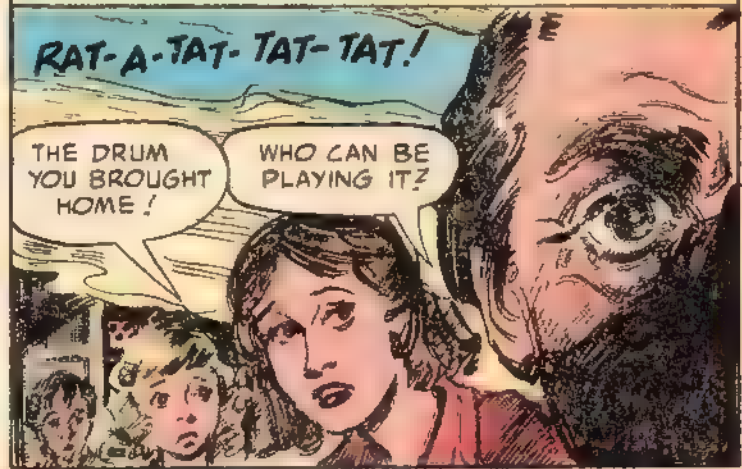


JUDGE MOMPESSEON TOOK THE DRUM HOME FOR HIS CHILDREN AND THAT NIGHT...

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT!

THE DRUM YOU BROUGHT HOME!

WHO CAN BE PLAYING IT?



THE JUDGE RUSHED UP STAIRS WHERE AN AMAZING SIGHT MET HIM...

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT. TAT-TAT.

IT IS THE HANDS OF THE DEVIL!



RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

I MUST FIND THE DRUMMER AND BEG HIM TO TAKE BACK HIS INFERNAL DRUM 'ERE WE ALL GO MAD!



FOR THREE DAYS THE DRUM BEAT INCESSANTLY...

THE DRUMMER WAS FOUND AT SARUM AND SUMMONED BACK TO TEDWORTH...

I WISH TO RIGHT A WRONG! HERE IS YOUR DRUM AND FIVE POUNDS FOR YOUR TROUBLE, MY WORTHY FRIEND!

THANKEE, MILORD! MY HEART TOLD ME YOU WERE A MAN OF GREAT FAIRNESS!



The End



YES, RIGHT FROM DETROIT!

FROM THE AUTO CAPITOL OF THE WORLD
TO YOU . . . COMES THIS AMAZING

MOTORCADE BARGAIN

50 CARS \$
FOR



REPAIR TRUCKS
HIGHWAY VANS
DELIVERY TRUCKS
U. S. ARMY PLANES
STREAMLINE TROLLEYS

NOWHERE IN LILLIPUT did Gulliver ever see anything like this! This **AMAZING MOTORCADE BARGAIN** includes **FIFTY** miniature motor cars: true three-dimensional scale models of streamline trolleys, highway vans, delivery trucks, repair service cars, and U.S. Army planes. They're wonderfully realistic, and made of durable, colorful plastic. Each car is an **AUTHENTIC SOUVENIR** of the motor capitol of the world! Fifty cars gives you plenty to use for all sorts of action games, exhibits, crafts and teaching projects. Ever so handy for all sorts of scout projects, school and club activities. Yes, you can even **SWAP** and **TRADE A FEW** for anything you like, and have plenty left over for months and months of fun and accomplishment!

8 FEET
of CARS

YES! Put these cars, trucks and planes end-to-end and you have a motorcade almost 8 ft. long

YOUNG PRODUCTS, DEPT. 1254 2605 Elmhurst, Detroit 6, Mich.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY IF YOU ORDER NOW!

YOUNG PRODUCTS, DEPT. 1254 2605 Elmhurst, Detroit 6, Mich.

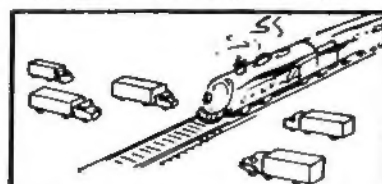
Please Rush Sets of Cnrs at \$1.00 each to:

NAME _____

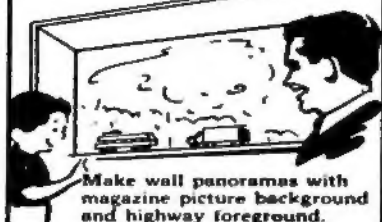
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

We Pay Postage—Send Check, Cash or Money Order. Your Order Rushed!



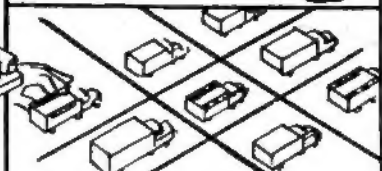
REALISTIC ACCESSORIES for your model train set-up!



Make wall panoramas with magazine picture background and highway foreground.



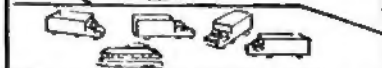
Start your own collection of miniatures: swap, trade, exhibit!



Play tic-tac-toe and other favorite games this different way.



Tiny autos, trucks and trolleys make grand props for table-top photography



Demonstrate and teach traffic and safety.

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AUTOMATICALLY
EVERY DAY



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OF EXTRA COST

AMAZING New WATCH

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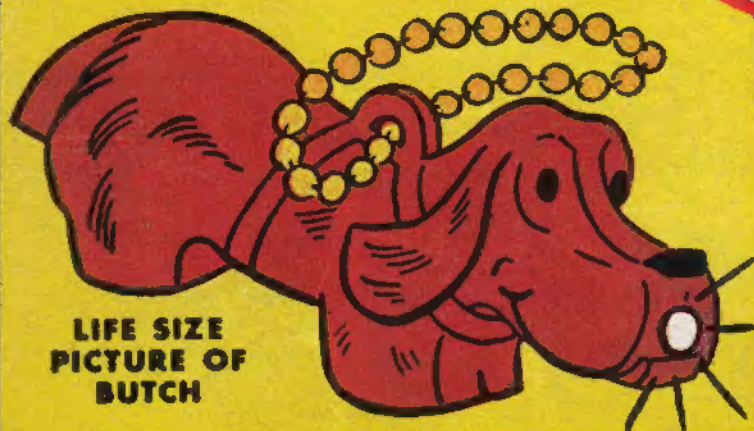
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SEND FOR BUTCH the
Cracker Jack *FLASH LIGHT* **DOG**
WITH KEY CHAIN LEASH
YOURS FOR ONE
CRACKER JACK BOX LABEL
AND 25 CENTS!



**PINCH
BUTCH AND
A BRIGHT BEAM
COMES FROM
HIS
MOUTH**

**UNBREAKABLE
CARRY HIM IN
YOUR POCKET**



**BUTCH CONTAINS A
G-E FLASH BULB AND
A RAY-O-VAC BATTERY**



**THE MORE
YOU EAT
THE MORE
YOU WANT**



**BE FIRST TO HAVE A BUTCH
FLASHLIGHT—SEND 25c IN COIN
WITH CRACKER JACK LABEL TODAY**

Here's the doggiest flashlight of all. It's just what you need to find your way in the dark. Throws a bright beam. Just press BUTCH'S Hind legs and a strong beam, that lights the way 10 feet ahead, shoots from his mouth. Butch has a key chain leash on which to carry your roller skate key, your locker, luggage or room keys. But don't wait—send one Cracker Jack Box label and only 25c in coin for your BUTCH Key Chain Flashlight right away. Use Coupon Below.

**LOOK FOR SURPRISE GIFT IN
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You'll love the delicious flavor of Cracker Jack, too. It's fluffy, crisp, candy coated popcorn with peanuts. Inside every package you'll find a surprise novelty. Be sure to get Cracker Jack today.

FILL OUT THIS BUTCH FLASHLIGHT COUPON

**CRACKER JACK FLASHLIGHT,
BOX 5738, CHICAGO, ILL.**

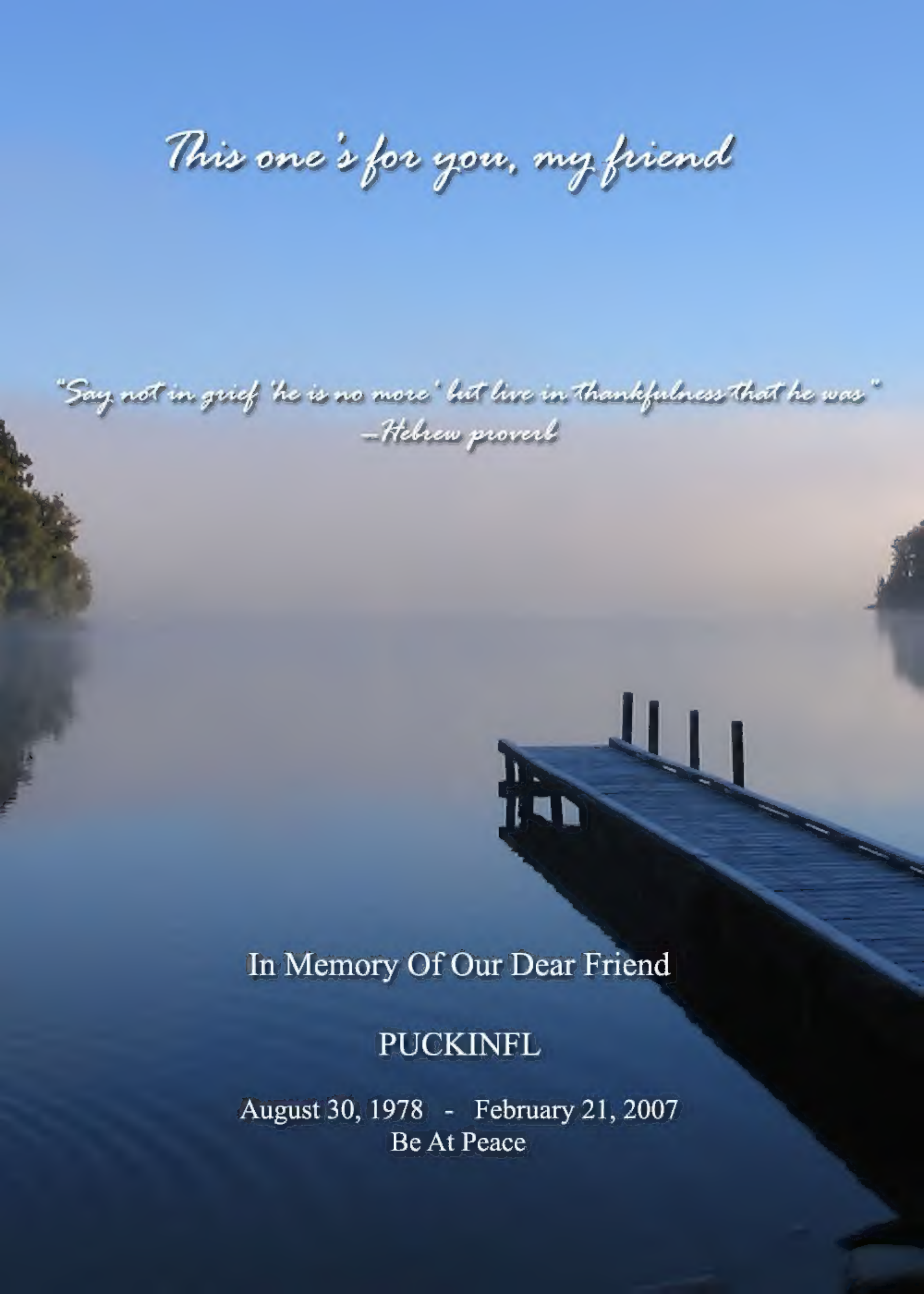
Enclosed is 25c in coin and one Cracker Jack package
label for which send one BUTCH Flashlight:

NAME _____ (PRINT)

ADDRESS _____ (PRINT)

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____ (PRINT)





This one's for you, my friend

"Say not in grief 'he is no more' but live in thankfulness that he was"
-Hebrew proverb

In Memory Of Our Dear Friend

PUCKINFL

August 30, 1978 - February 21, 2007
Be At Peace



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